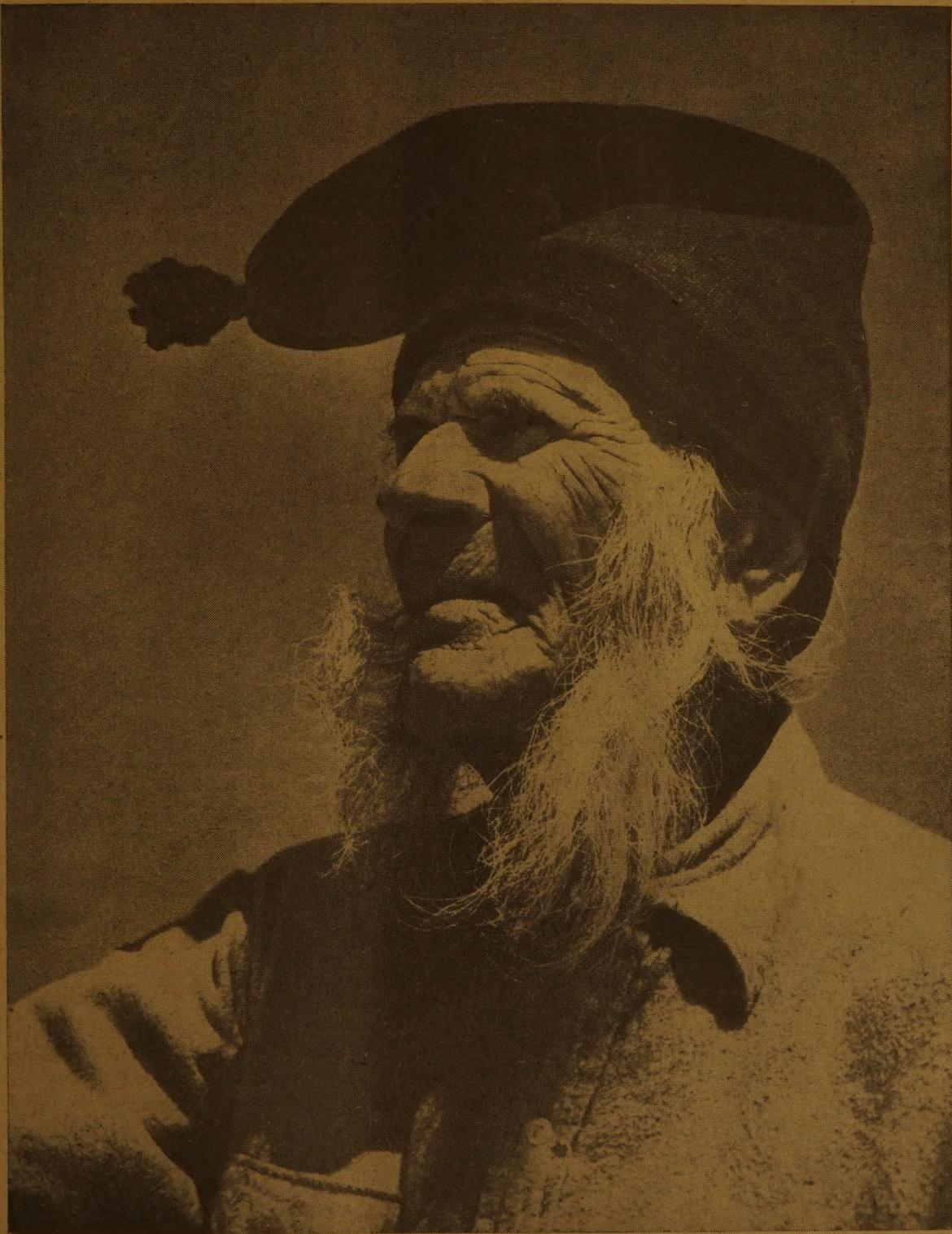


The Listener

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'Fisherman', by Augusto Cabrita of Portugal: from the exhibition of the London Salon of Photography at 26 Conduit Street, which opens on September 11

In this number:

How the Germans Are Miswriting Their History (Terence Prittie)

Knowledge and Wisdom (Bertrand Russell, O.M.)

Lessons of the Flying Doctor Service (Allan Vickers)

128 Oct 2011



“Daddy,

what is earth made of?”

That's mostly powdered rock he's playing with, you tell him—mixed with mould. It's the top of the earth called soil; in it are mineral salts, which help to feed the plants which in turn feed us.

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The Listener

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Britain and the South-East Asian Conference

By RICHARD GOOLD-ADAMS

I REMEMBER the first time I set foot in Malaya. I stepped down from a great airliner into the humid tropical night of Tengah airfield on Singapore island. In the glare of the flood-lighting I was surprised to see the tropical kit of the Royal Air Force beside the trim uniforms of the airline officials. Although this was on the other side of the world, it was unmistakably an R.A.F. aerodrome.

The fact that Malaya is still British has led to our playing a key part in the south-east Asian defence conference in the Philippines*. Some people in this country are opposed to the holding of this conference because they accuse the white members of dictating to the Asian. But, personally, I think that it is one of the most important developments in the Far East since the war, and I profoundly hope that it will succeed. The point, as Lord Reading emphasised before leaving London airport last Friday, is that all eight powers concerned—Britain, America, France, Australia, New Zealand, Pakistan, the Philippines, and Siam—are trying to build a genuinely defensive alliance to cover south-east Asia and the south-west Pacific. They aim at a regional pact under the United Nations—straightforward except for two unusual features. The first is that if any aggressive move is made in the area the pact will come into operation, whether or not an actual member is attacked; the only other example of this that I can think of is that an attack on Canada would call into force the Rio Pact between the American states, even though Canada is not a member. The other unusual

feature is that the conference recognises that internal revolution in this part of the world is as dangerous as external attack; so the new South-East Asian Treaty Organisation—Seato—will provide for members to share intelligence about this kind of threat.

With such delicate questions at stake, I think it is a pity that Mr. Eden is not at Manila. But I also feel that the Foreign Secretary's cancelled trip is characteristic of the big gap we so often have to bridge in foreign affairs. Mr. Eden has stayed behind because the failure of E.D.C. in Europe has put the destiny of this country once again in question; and it does not matter how good the R.A.F. may be out at Tengah, if Britain herself cannot be defended.

We are, in fact, severely stretched between west and east—and not only in terms of strategic military commitments. To me, the significance of this Seato meeting is that it has sprung out of the clash between some of the biggest ideas of our time. For a start, when speaking of aggression and revolution in south-east Asia, no one is at present seriously thinking of anything but communist action. But the problem gets deeper when one tries to identify what it is we are trying to oppose communism with. To most Asians, the number one bogey is colonial imperialism, not communism. In the newly independent countries, they are living in the sunshine of their new-found freedom, still sensitive and uncertain of themselves, but thankful to have cast out the white man; to them, the communism of today is a secondary issue to the

* Broadcast on September 6, when the Manila Conference opened

imperialism of yesterday. Nor does communism look so bad when they do consider it. After national freedom, the supreme problem in Asia is to raise living standards, and there is not much practical, personal liberty to lose. Russia, the communists emphasise, pulled itself up by its boot straps, and now China is starting to do the same. If communism succeeds in this way where other systems have failed, then communism is the thing for us, they say.

What I find extremely interesting—and worrying—about all this is the role of India. To Asians tempted by communism, India represents the opposite pole. It is a country where democracy has been carried to a far higher pitch than anywhere else in the east. For that very reason, India's success in solving its own basic economic problems may decide the whole future prestige of democracy as a political system suitable for Asian conditions. Lately, India has made solid progress in its internal affairs. But, as I see it, this only serves to accentuate the confusion of its foreign policy. I remember once having a conversation with Mr. Nehru in which he emphasised, as he often does, the fact that he fights for peace not only because he believes passionately in the settlement of disputes by peaceful means but also because he feels that India is too weak and vulnerable ever to go to war. In practice, however, the Indian attitude goes much further. It asserts that any military combination of states can at present only do more harm than good, by increasing world tension. Not only is India itself opposed to using force to meet communist pressure, but it denies the right of other countries to use force, either.

Everyone is entitled to his view. But the trouble arises from India's own position. India is at once the fountain-head of anti-communism in Asia and yet the most influential factor in seeing that nothing gets done about it. I have been shocked at Mr. Nehru's attitude to this south-east Asian meeting. Announcing India's refusal to take part, he said in parliament in Delhi that such an organisation was likely to reverse the trend of conciliation released by the Geneva conference. I feel that this simply ignores the tragic experiences we have already had in dealing with the communist powers and dismisses the realities at Geneva. After all, if the Russians and Chinese have their Sino-Soviet Pact of 1950, it seems

illogical to say that no one else can have one too. The lesson of the past few years is that negotiation with Moscow and Peking is possible only when one is strong. That is how we have moved from the much greater tensions of 1950 into the present period when coexistence may at least be possible. And at Geneva it was, I certainly believe, the fact of America's strength which made it possible to get agreement. The Chinese and Russians accepted peace, partly because they did not want to risk any further American interference in Indo-China, and partly because America's virtual absence from the actual negotiations encouraged them to hope that a conciliatory attitude would tend to split America from its allies—as in fact has happened, both in Asia and over E.D.C.

The great weaknesses of south-east Asia are the almost total lack of effective local military forces and the fact that it is such a cockpit of emotional ideas. And for us in Britain this presents a horrible dilemma. How far should we go without India? How far should we let the needs and desires which we share with the old Commonwealth, Australia and New Zealand, override our unique relationship with the new, the Asian members? How far can we afford to throw over America's offer of help—which may not be repeated? How far can we expect to push on with political progress in Malaya, if we fail to secure peace in the area as a whole? How many resources can we really afford to commit to the east when we are hard pressed at home? These are the tremendous questions behind the meeting in the Philippines.

To be secure, south-east Asia needs both the military backing and the political will to resist tyranny, wherever it comes from. Personally, I think Mr. Eden has done all he can to carry India with us, and that we now have no option but to go ahead. And one day I think it not impossible that the government of India will itself enter a south-east Asian pact. Mr. Nehru is just going to visit China for himself, and he of all men could hardly fail to see the point of Mr. Attlee's characteristic understatement to Mao Tse-tung the other day: 'We believe in freedom for people to manage their own affairs. We do not believe it useful for the Communist Party to be constantly running intrigues in other people's countries'.—*Home Service*

The Background to the Discussions in Manila

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

THE idea of a security treaty for south-east Asia first took shape in the spring of this year: the idea of drawing a line across the map and saying that any encroachment of communist power across that line would be resisted. It arose as the result of the continued expansion of communist power in south-east Asia and especially in Indo-China. In April of this year the United States Secretary of State, Mr. Foster Dulles, arrived in London for talks with Mr. Eden about the communist threat which, he said, extended to the vital interest of the Philippines, Australia, and New Zealand.

The two Foreign Ministers then agreed, as Mr. Eden told the House of Commons on April 13, that they were ready to take part in an examination of the possibility of setting up an organisation to safeguard the peace, security, and freedom of south-east Asia and the western Pacific. At that time the communist advance in Indo-China was still unchecked, and the United States Government evidently wanted the proposed security treaty to come into effect at once, so that it could be invoked against the forces of Ho Chi-Minh in Indo-China. The United Kingdom Government did not share that view. The Geneva Conference was due to open on April 26 and the United Kingdom Government did not want to enter into any new arrangements until the results of the conference were known. It was argued in London that you could not draw a security line unless you first knew where the security line in Indo-China was going to be. The Governments of Australia and New Zealand shared this view and so the talks on the treaty were put off until after the end of the Geneva Conference. In the meantime the

Governments of the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand, France, and the United States agreed to have staff talks in Washington in order to obtain all the facts available for the political discussions that were to follow in due course.

On July 20 it was announced from Geneva that a cease fire in Indo-China had been agreed on terms that left Cambodia and Laos as independent states, and with Viet-Nam split into two. So it became possible to draw the security line in such a way as to include these three countries within the protective area of the security treaty. Within a month of the Geneva settlement it had been agreed to hold a south-east Asia conference in the Philippines. All the free states in Asia were invited to attend, and the United Kingdom Government was especially anxious to secure the co-operation of India, Pakistan, and Ceylon, and of Burma and Indonesia as well. They had been kept fully informed of the course of the negotiations in Geneva and of the preparations for the security conference. They had all warmly approved of the Geneva agreements. In the event, only Pakistan found it possible to accept the invitation to take part. The Prime Minister of India, Mr. Nehru, in the course of a speech made on August 26 said that he feared the conference would increase tension rather than reduce it.—*Light Programme*

B.B.C. pocket diaries for 1955 are now available. They are published by Waterlow in various styles and colours, price 3s. (leathercloth) and 4s. 10d. (leather).

M. Mendès-France's Experiment

By WILLIAM PICKLES

WHEN M. Mendès-France became Prime Minister of France, just under three months ago, he made four promises. He undertook to obtain an honourable armistice in Indo-China or to resign; to stop the frightening drift to civil war in North Africa; to start a programme of economic recovery, and to get a decision, at long last, on the question of the European Defence Community, which had bedevilled both the internal politics and the foreign relations of France for four years. It was not, moreover, to be just any decision, but one which the great majority of Frenchmen and all France's allies could accept, and it was to be got this summer, before the French Parliament went on holiday, so that France could get the poison of the E.D.C. quarrel out of her system.

Three of those promises were fulfilled on schedule. Nobody can solve major problems in ten weeks, but M. Mendès-France has made deep gashes in three Gordian knots which had defeated half a dozen of his predecessors. Fighting has stopped in Indo-China; relations between France and Tunisia have been miraculously transformed; and whatever government is in office in France from now to next March has the powers necessary, if it cares to use them, to begin to give France an efficient and solvent economic system.

But the fourth promise has emphatically not been fulfilled. It is true that he has obtained a decision on the E.D.C. Treaty, by letting it be killed, but the circumstances were profoundly humiliating, in different and separate ways, to M. Mendès-France, his Government, the French parliament, and the whole French nation; and feeling about it in France is more bitter than ever, as a result. Moreover, there is no sign that M. Mendès-France will be able to find an alternative policy that will both satisfy his allies abroad and unite any considerable body of French opinion, or even get a majority in the French parliament. Unless the bitterness is quickly dispelled and M. Mendès-France produces some new and ingenious compromise, failure in the fourth of his purposes will be complete.

The admirers of M. Mendès-France will claim that the one big failure should not make us forget the three big successes, and I agree with them. Even if the quarrel over the dead E.D.C. Treaty goes on more bitterly than it did over the live one; even if M. Mendès-France has to go, and France slips back to the wearisome re-shuffling of familiar faces in do-nothing governments, the tasks facing those governments will be infinitely easier as a result of what M. Mendès-France has done. But there is another aspect of the whole affair which troubles me, as an onlooker, and which both friends and enemies of M. Mendès-France seem to have overlooked. So far, his period of office looks like being no more than a brief, bright interlude. He has started to solve some current problems, but he has not touched the fundamental problem of French political life.

The very manner of his taking office was a warning of how much was wrong. In theory, French Prime Ministers are chosen on the basis of a programme submitted to parliament. In practice, most prospective Prime Ministers have preferred to offer slogans, usually meaningless, in place of a programme. M. Mendès-France at least broke with that tradition. He offered neither a programme nor a set of slogans, but a promise to find a programme on four specified points, within a specified time. That was an improvement on the usual practice, but it is not a method that can be used often. And since then, although M. Mendès-France's successes have been startling enough, the circumstances in which two of them have been achieved provide just as clear evidence of the breakdown of French parliamentary democracy as does the one

big failure. The Tunisian problem was a special case, but it is worthwhile looking more closely for a moment at what happened over the other three.

M. Mendès-France has obtained a cease-fire in Indo-China, which leaves non-communist and pro-French Governments in control, for the time being, in Laos, Cambodia, and southern Viet-Nam. But in order to obtain that, he has had to give up northern Viet-Nam, and he has no certainty at all of being able to keep the other three parts of Indo-China inside the French Union, or even out of communist hands. And he got the agreement of the French parliament to those terms only because the Deputies knew that the alternative was total defeat and even worse terms. To save as much as they did in those circumstances was a triumph for Mr. Eden and M. Mendès-France. The fact remains that the terms were much less good than those France could have got eight years ago, and in the meantime she has allowed all her best young officers to be killed, in a war which the overwhelming majority of the French population never wanted, to which it refused to send its own conscript sons, and which, towards the end, had to be paid for by the United States. If the Mendès-France solution was right in the circumstances—and I am sure it was; if the great mass of French opinion approves the armistice settlement—and I am sure it does—then that can only mean that something has been very wrong with the machinery of French democracy for the past eight years.

Look at the economic problem. For the same eight years, M. Mendès-France has been telling his countrymen that, if France is to stand on her own feet, they must consume less and invest more, bring backward industries up to date, expand some industries and contract others, shift some of the burden of taxation from the wage and salary earners to other classes, and see that both labour and capital are sent into those branches of activity which can best help France to become independent.

M. Reynaud, who is a little to the right of centre, as M. Mendès-France is to the left, has been saying the same things, and so have dozens of economists. Every separate item of that programme has the support of several political parties. But M. Mendès-France knew perfectly well that if he submitted the programme to parliament, every one of its major items would be defeated one by one, because its members do not want the responsibility of voting for things which they know to be necessary, but which are bound to be unpopular with this or that section of the community. Since M. Mendès-France and his colleagues are prepared to face unpopularity, parliament has consented to give them a wide and vague authority to do what is necessary—for six months only, and provided they do not increase any taxes. A parliament that has to be anaesthetised in order to allow the government to do a little of its obvious duty is a sorry spectacle, and is driving many Frenchmen away from belief in democracy.

The story of E.D.C. is even more hair-raising. E.D.C. was a French invention. French diplomats spent nearly two years in getting their five partners to accept it, and four of the other five Governments, using great skill and patience, have persuaded their parliaments also to accept its revolutionary proposals. Two of the partners have had to change their Constitution, in order to be able to ratify. But the idea was so unpopular in France that three successive Governments dared not ask parliament to ratify it, and the best that M. Mendès-France could do was to let parliament kill it. Perhaps he was right to cut his losses—but it means that France and all her allies have wasted four years of effort, simply because the normal and necessary contacts between a



M. Pierre Mendès-France, the French Prime Minister

democratic government and its people no longer function in France.

I am not saying anything new, there, nor anything anti-French. I am not forgetting the disappointments over Britain's attitude, or the difficulties created by communist obstruction and the cold war. I am only saying what plenty of Frenchmen, good patriots and good democrats, have been saying and thinking for a long time. And like them, therefore, I ask myself anxiously if there is any hope that the Mendès-France successes, besides being welcome in themselves, may not also be an augury of better methods in the future.

Some Frenchmen think they are. When M. Mendès-France very nearly became Prime Minister, just over a year ago, he split every party in the process. This time, too, he has led several Deputies to break away from their parties, and has put a serious strain on all the parties, including his own. Some Frenchmen see this as a hopeful sign, and it is certainly true that it has been followed by rapid and decisive action, instead of the tightening deadlock of the past few years.

Those who see that as a promise of something new and exciting are, I think, hoping for one of two things. Some want a re-grouping of parties into two fairly coherent blocs, a left bloc round M. Mendès-France and a right bloc round M. Pinay, giving a sort of loose French version of our own two-party system. Others appear to want a new set of parties altogether, each corresponding with a clearly defined economic interest or social class, and able to bargain usefully with each other.

I wish I could see in the Mendès-France experiment the proof that one or other of these things is happening, but I cannot. All I see is a very familiar pattern repeating itself. This is not the first time that French parties have abdicated their democratic rights and duties, and handed over limited powers to a single, energetic, and courageous individual, an individual willing to try to get them out of the mess they have got themselves into. And that is how the French parliament and parties and M. Mendès-France himself see the picture today. Read M. Mendès-France's broadcasts. He sees himself as a man who knows his own mind, helped by a few men of goodwill, obstructed by parliament and parties, seizing the opportunity offered by a grave crisis and the fears it has aroused to do for the country what it wants and needs—and the pity of it is that the picture is a true one. The next stage is inevitable and, indeed, is already beginning. The strong man becomes popular in the country and irritated with parliament. Parliament listens with growing alarm to the endless string of first-person-singulairs, has visions of a rising dictatorship, and gets ready to tighten

the noose it had prudently placed in advance around the neck of the strong man.

No, the Mendès-France method is not a new method, but a very old one, and it can work only for a time. Not even a Mendès-France can walk the political tightrope long enough to put through, for instance, the difficult and detailed economic programme which he knows to be necessary. If he or anybody else is to stay there long enough to make even a proper start on that immense task, he will need a stable majority, made up of parties or groups which are convinced that their own long-run political interest is served, even at the cost of some local or sectional or temporary unpopularity, by helping M. Mendès-France put their country on her feet again. A majority of that kind cannot be got by breaking up parties. On the contrary, it can only be formed by parties strong enough, disciplined enough in parliament, and sure enough of the loyalty of their own members and voters, to be able to bargain with each other until they have hammered out a concrete programme, and then to see it through.

That, in turn, requires more discipline inside parliament on the right, and less discipline outside parliament on the left. It means that right-wing groups must be able to commit the votes of their Deputies when they make their bargains, while left-wing parties must learn that true democracy consists, not of dictation by ill-informed and doctrinaire party-members, but of a perpetual exchange of ideas and information between party-members and Deputies, so that they can decide together just how much of what they want they can expect to get.

I do not believe that these simple goals are unattainable. It is not true, as Englishmen often think, that Frenchmen are incapable of compromising. There is probably more compromise in French politics than in Britain. Frenchmen can recognise their own long-range interests as well as anybody else, and they are prepared to accept bold measures, as the popularity of M. Mendès-France shows, in order to get away from the stagnation that they have come to fear most of all.

It may be that M. Mendès-France sees a shake-up and a realignment of parties as the necessary first step to a stable system. Or he may hope that if he gets rid of the problems which have divided all parties they will find their own discipline and cohesion. Either of these processes would certainly be welcome, as a first step, but they must be only first steps, if France is not to slip back again into a period of negativism in parliament and disillusionment in the country, more bitter and more dangerous than the one from which M. Mendès-France has tried so hard to lift her.—*Home Service*

How the Germans Are Miswriting Their History

By TERENCE PRITTIE

SIR LEWIS NAMIER picked on one of the most significant features of German thinking when he pointed out, in his book *The Nazi Era*, that Germans themselves persistently miswrite German history; and what is being served up to the German public today as genuine history are absurdly unreliable memoirs and biographies. Such, for example, have been the books of Von Papen, Schacht, Fritzsche, Weizsäcker, von Dirksen. All these books have been apologia for the authors, for Germany, in places even for the nazi regime.

The German people is in a receptive mood for apology of this kind, and these muddled memoirs may well take the place of real historical studies in their minds. Sir Lewis Namier gives numerous illustrations of their unreliability, and takes perhaps the classic example from the memoirs of Erich Kordt, a member of the pre-war German Foreign Service. Kordt printed the text of an imaginary letter sent by Mussolini to Hitler on August 25, 1939. He left this letter out of the second edition of his book presumably because he had discovered that it had never been written. But Hitler's former interpreter, Paul Schmidt, borrowed the letter from Kordt's first edition, and used it in his memoirs. So did other so-called German historians. 'In short', Sir Lewis writes, 'it has become a fixture in German historical literature'.

The Germans, Sir Lewis thought, invent, dream, and remember collectively. This may be the reason for their approach to history, which is to sort out convenient facts in order to prove a favourable

historical theory. One need only ask intelligent Germans today about the last forty years of their country's history in order to discover the effects of this method. They will tell you, as they told me, that the first world war was caused by the *Entente Cordiale*; that Versailles was a deliberate act of political vandalism; that the Western Powers later sabotaged Stresemann and the Weimar Republic; that the British twice thwarted the German resistance by capitulating to Hitler, at Munich, and by formulating the doctrine of unconditional surrender; finally, that the British and Americans are responsible for the present ills of the world because they invited the Russians into Europe.

These are some of the fables which are almost universally believed, although extravagances like that of the German soldier who brandished his fist under my nose some years back and told me: 'Your Ombrella Man, your Shemperlin, was a warmonger, a *Schwein*', are, on the whole, not. But all that the counter-arguments, about the German invasions of neutral countries and what happened there, will produce is the reaction of the German journalist who said to me with a bright smile: 'Well, let's admit that we've all made much the same mistakes; if we admit that, then we can get on perfectly well together'. 'Many Germans', according to the report of the Jewish organisation which sent a team of observers to the Federal Republic earlier this year, 'seem to suffer from a haunting sense of shame or guilt, accompanied by a deep sense of their own rectitude, which can only be considered a psychological compensation'. It may be that these strangely mixed

feelings drive Germans to the recurrent rewriting of history in order to satisfy their consciences.

Here, for instance, are a few examples of how this rewriting is done in the columns of the daily press. In May of this year, the Refugee Press Service decided to explain away the eighteenth-century partitions of Poland. Prussia and Austria only took part, the writer maintains, because otherwise Russia would have taken more, or even the whole, of Poland. Poland, moreover, had shown herself incapable of resisting continuous Russian interference. This was the secondary reason for Prussian annexation of Polish territory; and the writer points out with vapid inconsequence that the difference between Poland then and Germany today is that the latter is a vital factor in the balance of world politics. Versailles, another Refugee Press Service contributor writes, created the Polish Corridor. The Polish Corridor was the cause of the second world war. *Ergo*, the Poles were responsible for its outbreak. It would be a waste of time to quote to such people the words written in 1922 by General Von Seeckt, creator of the post-1919 Wehrmacht. 'Poland's existence', he wrote in an official memorandum, 'is intolerable, and incompatible with the needs of Germany. She must disappear'. Von Seeckt would hardly have held different views had he lived in 1772.

'Not as Bad as All That'

Not long ago, one of the joint editors of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, Erich Dombrowski, produced a leading article entitled: 'It was not as bad as all that'. This paper is well produced and generally reliable. These were some of its editor's views. Louis Napoleon was primarily responsible for the war of 1870 because he 'launched a ruthless counter-offensive to the Hohenzollern candidature for the Spanish throne'. The French were largely responsible for the first world war. Countries should therefore stop worrying about their own histories, which are bound to be prejudiced. 'For what is history', Dombrowski asks rhetorically, 'save a sequence of stories, a ripple on the tides of eternity?' This is not an unfair description of the German approach to their own history.

'Who ever assaulted France?' was the heading chosen by the *Cellische Zeitung*, which went on to quote Dr. Adenauer as saying that French policy in the Saar was dictated by the 'idea' that France was attacked by Germany in 1940, and occupied for four years. The *Cellische Zeitung*'s 'explanation' was that the German Government did not expect the allies to enter the war after the invasion of Poland. The Polish campaign, anyway, lasted only eighteen days, and for the rest of that winter Germany 'tried every possible means of preventing an extension of the war'. 'The French campaign', this paper goes on, began a full nine months later, and because 'France declared war on us in the first place'. The *Cellische Zeitung* makes no mention of invasions of neutral Scandinavia and the Low Countries, and concludes: 'Any talk of an assault on France is unjustified'.

Part of the job of these re-writers of history in the popular press is to destroy the idea that Prussia was ever militaristic. 'We should all keep on Prussia's side', wrote Egmont Roth in the weekly *Deutsche Zukunft*. And went on: 'In referring to Europe, the British invariably refer to the Continent, with their feeling of aloofness from the centre of gravity of the old world. This aloofness is the germ of the British policy of the balance of power after the Treaty of Utrecht'. In regard to this policy, Roth continued: 'The historian Justi has said, with justice, that the world owes to it such doubtful blessings as huge armies and enormous national debts'. Britain is Roth's chief villain in European history, and his theory is supported by the Refugee Press Service, which points out that England waged ten wars between 1815 and 1914; Russia seven; France five. Prussia waged only three; and these lasted under a year in all. The same writer goes on to demolish that 'gross lie', as he calls it, that the Prussian and German General Staff was the source of Europe's woes. Clausewitz, he pointed out, laid down that military strategy should be subject to political requirements; and the allies flagrantly broke this principle, and 'are therefore responsible for the present situation in Europe'. The writer does not mention Clausewitz' brilliant pupil, Schlieffen, who evolved the plan of the right hook round the unprotected French left flank. This hook had to be delivered through neutral Belgium, and its delivery brought England into the first world war. Schlieffen's plan, in fact, made German politics exactly dependent on military strategy.

The German press often shows a curious disregard for contemporary history. Richard Tuengel, writing in *Die Zeit*, condemns the Western Powers for refusing to employ non-nazis of talent; for appointing ex-

communists to de-nazification boards; and introducing strange Anglo-Saxon forms of democracy. The *Deutsche Zukunft* maintained that British junior officers manhandled Admiral Doenitz and his staff, and 'shot hundreds of thousands of Germans into famine camps which contained as little humanity as the concentration camps'. Suddenly, in an article about eastern Germany, the *Düsseldorfer Nachrichten* breaks into a tirade. 'Have we not', it writes, 'the example of the years 1945-48, when the victor nations weakened us by hunger in order to re-educate us'?

When the British authorities in Hanover gave permission for the re-burying of the bodies of German war criminals, executed at Hameln, in consecrated ground, the entire press in Lower Saxony launched an anti-British campaign. Writing of the ninety-one corpses, including those of Josef Kramer of Belsen, the *Hanoversche Allgemeine* stated: 'Under the conditions then prevailing, this leaves open the question whether guilty and innocent were not struck down indiscriminately. Out of this gruesome execution, it was not possible to give the executed person even a worthy resting place'. And the *Cellische Zeitung* wrote: 'We wish to state clearly that these victims of victor's justice were refused even the due of a revolting murderer. In fact, a decent burial'. The hiding of corpses, and their destruction with chemicals, have nothing to do with western culture. Failure to inform relatives and suppression of lists of the dead are hideous crimes against humanity'. In reality, the British gave full particulars whenever enquiries were made; and furnished a full list of the executed, all of whom had been given fair trial for their shocking crimes. The worst of the business is that millions of Germans were deliberately misled and may believe this tale ever afterwards.

It is natural that war crimes are a sore subject for the Germans; but it would be encouraging if at least a reasonable proportion of the German people realised what their country had been responsible for during the nazi era. It is lamentably true that few Germans are interested in the subject. The Mayor of Bergen-Belsen can assert that he knew nothing about the camp one mile and a half from his front door. A daily newspaper can write: 'But the first gas chamber seen in Germany was brought to Dachau by the conquering Americans in order to fix blame on the Germans'. When the Jew, Philip Auerbach, committed suicide in Munich two years ago, the first German I told an hour later was able to say casually 'A pity he didn't do it a lot sooner'. Once I saw a swastika chalked up on the house of a man whose health was broken by seven years in concentration camps. He was not going to be allowed to forget.

Persistence of Anti-Semitism

Anti-semitism is a terrible thing to think about after what has happened in Germany. Yet it does still exist there, and takes all sorts of bizarre forms. On April 8 this year, the chairman of the Jewish community in Mainz was asked by the local Ministry of the Interior to inspect Jewish cemeteries in the neighbourhood. In nine of them he found over sixty desecrated graves at a time when the Federal Government was outlawing genocide. Local authorities round Mainz were explaining they were not responsible for repairing graves which had been damaged by 'larking schoolchildren'. Gravestones which would have taken two grown men to shift had been systematically hammered to bits or thrown down thirty yards off. But not a single person has so far been successfully prosecuted for desecrating Jewish graves in Germany.

A few weeks ago poems were being circulated in the Ruhr by a schoolmaster called Strunk. One poem referred to the pre-war Jewish community in Germany as 'the 500,000 hyenas who tried to ruin our Germany'. They emptied all our shops, and so we kicked them out, the poem goes on: '300,000 went to their Fourth Reich in America and sold up New York in no time. That left 200,000. Half of them cleared out, and we haven't killed off the rest yet. But we're glad to say that Adolf liquidated a cool 6,000,000'. The schoolmaster's ode ends: 'I want to spit when I see the Jewish memorials go up'. Strunk was fined the equivalent of £25, and will now no doubt be pardoned under the terms of the general amnesty.

Racial lunacy still lurks only just round the corner, 'Jew, go back to Israel', a voice yelled at a recent Free Democratic Party meeting. 'Our members of Parliament know how to waste cash', wrote one local newspaper, 'as, for instance, the 3,500,000,000 mark present to Israel'. Leading Free Democrats opposed that same reparations agreement because it might adversely affect German-Egyptian trade. In Nurem-

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The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications,

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Our Freedoms

POLITICAL scientists have always been aware that among the broad concepts that of freedom is among the most difficult to define. In a broadcast talk which is published on another page Dr. Micklem observes that in the modern world freedom is in jeopardy. In order to appreciate why and how it is in jeopardy we need to reconsider what we mean by it. Political freedom is a relatively modern concept and never a simple one. In the mid-seventeenth century Englishmen spent much time arguing about the difference between 'liberty' and 'licence' and ever since then it has been recognised that the difficulty in defining liberty or freedom was to fix its limits. (But if freedom is limited, does it not cease to be freedom?) The seventeenth century was also concerned largely over security—of life, of property, of personal religion. That was why Thomas Hobbes built up a persuasive system of political philosophy from which liberty was virtually eliminated as incompatible with security. Later Locke, the father of liberal political philosophy, strove to define areas of political freedom at the expense of justifying the right of revolution, thus placing himself poles apart from Hobbes whose chief aim was to avoid the revolutions that had already torn to pieces the political life of his century.

If Locke's thought and spirit presided over the eighteenth century the teachings of Rousseau dominated advanced European thought in the early nineteenth century. His phrase that 'man is born free' was in such obvious contradiction to the facts that it is not surprising that his ideas of freedom suffered many a modification in the hands of subsequent philosophers—so that in the end Hegel saw the notion of freedom in a citizen's acceptance of the state. And Hegelianism and Marxism have combined to produce in large parts of modern society an application of the idea of freedom differing radically from that postulated by John Locke. In England, however, though Hegel and later Marx had their effective disciples they never overthrew the supremacy of Locke. John Stuart Mill in his book on liberty contended again with the problem of where political freedom has limits, since unless there were limits a community must prefer anarchy. But Mill and his successors have always realised that freedom is not a birthright with which mankind is endowed, as Rousseau and Locke, to a lesser extent, appear to have believed, but a political right that has to be acquired and safeguarded. And when men ask themselves today what they mean by freedom they immediately think 'freedom from what?' or 'freedom within what limits?'

Some observers returning today not from Russia or China but from the United States of America (among them Dr. Micklem who expresses 'alarm') have said that in that great community, built upon the concept of freedom—for did not the Pilgrim Fathers go there in search of it?—freedom is seriously menaced. Indeed freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of the press have all been subjected to attacks throughout the western world. Perhaps these attacks are merely a passing phase. For just as in war time the liberties of the subject are curtailed, so in an era of Cold War men may have to suffer in that their traditional freedoms are pushed back or narrowed down in the interests of security—so that Hobbes rather than Locke has become the political philosopher of our own times. Certainly no one can fail to be aware that freedoms are being assailed or restricted. And it behoves everyone to decide how far they should be preserved and fought for.

What They Are Saying

E.D.C. and after

AS WAS TO BE EXPECTED, commentaries from all the radios of the communist empire were jubilant at the defeat of E.D.C. by the French National Assembly. Many of them used the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of the outbreak of the second world war to draw attention to the 'folly' of rearming Germany, especially when the Soviet proposals for collective security represented an alternative policy and Europe's 'best way out of the *impasse*' produced by the French rejection of E.D.C. Broadcasts in this sense were made not only on the home radios of the Soviet and satellite states, but in the languages of the countries who have been victims of German aggression.

France's rejection of E.D.C. was said to be the latest proof of the growing strength of the 'peace camp'; and although numerous communist broadcasts warned their various audiences that powerful influences in the west would continue to try to rearm Germany by other means, they concluded that 'millions of people in the west' increasingly regarded the Soviet proposals for European collective security as 'the only way out'. Had the Western Powers, instead of giving 'direct support' to the German militarism which unleashed the second world war, accepted the principle of collective security which the Soviet Union upheld then also, Europe would have been saved much suffering. A Soviet broadcast to America by the historian Boris Krylov declared that both world wars had been preceded by 'the formation of two hostile blocs' and that untold suffering could have been avoided if collective security had been applied in time.

Polish broadcasts were among many communist broadcasts to praise M. Herriot's speech against E.D.C., and the final vote in the French Assembly was said to be not only a great blow to Washington and Bonn, but 'a visible sign of the resurrection of France'. Now that E.D.C. had been dealt a 'mortal blow', the time had come for all European nations to 'unite in a true community and . . . create a real system of collective security'. One Polish broadcast tried to silence the Polish people's obvious distrust of any Soviet plan for collective security by explaining the Soviet invasion of Poland and annexation of her eastern territories in September 1939 (as a result of the Nazi-Soviet Pact) in the following words:

If, on September 17, 1939, the Soviet Army had not started the march towards the Bug and had not occupied a line basically corresponding to the Curzon line . . . millions of Ukrainians and Belorussians would have found themselves in Hitler's hands, and Hitlerite bases of aggression would have been established in close and dangerous proximity to vital Soviet centres. Could the Soviet Union have permitted that?

Without explaining that the Soviet invasion of Poland took place not only while Poland was fighting a life-and-death struggle against the Nazi invaders but within a month of the signing of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, the broadcast claimed that the invasion was 'a blow directed not against Poland . . . but against the Hitlerite Reich. It was the political and strategic preparation for the future victory over the deadly enemy of both Poland and the U.S.S.R.'. Another Polish broadcast made the following addition:

The great victorious offensive of the Soviet Army in 1944 crowned the Polish nation's heroic struggle for freedom with complete victory.

A Czechoslovak broadcast was among many other satellite broadcasts to stress that the Soviet collective security proposals, as well as the Polish treaty offer to France, would enable France to realise 'Herriot's noble idea'. Berlin radio broadcast no less than three times a talk by Professor Norden on the 'symbolic' fact that 'on the very eve of the fifteenth anniversary of the outbreak of the second world war, Hitler's successors suffered a fiasco without parallel'. He went on:

Nevertheless, it would be folly to believe that the war politicians will lightly accept their defeat. The dragon of German militarism is not yet dead, though its E.D.C. head has been cut off. The Washington and Bonn gentry hankering after a world war are hatching new plans for raising a west German army to avenge the collapse of the Third Reich. . . . A reorientation of west German policy, long overdue, involves mutual understanding between Germans, negotiations between east and west German representatives. . . . The people of the German Democratic Republic will show in the coming weeks that they are not to be outdone by the peace forces of other countries, including France. . . . They will rally round the only German government that stands for peace.

Did You Hear That?

A FARM ON THE PAMPAS

'THE GRASSLANDS of Argentina, the Pampas', said DERECK FOSTER in a Home Service talk, 'are a vast, flat, and incredibly rich area several times the size of the British Isles. Originally they were just one, wild, rippling sea of grass—treeless, uncultivated, and unfenced, but now with the passing of time and the coming of settlers they have succumbed to the encroachments of civilisation, and their characteristics of only eighty years ago have almost vanished. Wire fencing, stretching to the horizon wherever one looks, now divides this vast expanse into neat, square fields, and trees break the monotony of an interminable horizon where once only an occasional ostrich, a lonely gaucho, or a troop of wild horses were to be seen.'

'These trees, all planted by man, play an important role in the life of the Pampas dwellers. Apart from their prime purpose of preventing soil erosion, during the hot summer months they provide much needed shade to animals and farmhouses. They protect them, too, from the strong winds which, generally from the north or south, come sweeping across this flat expanse, often causing quite a bit of damage in the way of uprooted trees, broken branches, flattened crops, and the like.'

'Argentine farms, or estancias, are much larger than English farms, and for that reason they are different in the range of their activities and in the methods they employ. Though it is still true that many estancias devote themselves exclusively to cattle farming, the general rule is a policy of mixed farming where the breeding of livestock and the cultivation of crops go hand in hand together. Lately this policy has been modified even further by the introduction of a third kind of farming—dairy farming.'

'Our family estancia is not large by local standards, being round about 2,500 acres in extent. Of these 2,500 acres roughly one third is used for agriculture, another third runs cattle, while the remaining third supports the dairy farm, though the cattle raising and dairy farming parts are pretty well mixed up one with the other. The estancia house is like most estancia houses—bungalow styled, with a verandah running across the front, and set well back from the dusty road down a tree-lined drive. Two-storied buildings are almost unknown on Argentine farms, and when they are found it is pretty safe to say that an Englishman has had a hand in their building somewhere.'

'In front of our house, which is surrounded by several acres of trees of all kinds, including eucalyptus, firs, acacias, and oaks, there are lawns with flower-beds and a swimming pool. At the back are the farm buildings and machinery, the chicken runs, the foreman's house, and office buildings. The growth of mechanisation in

rural Argentina, and the rise in wages, have had a great impact on the employment of the rural workers. Where once the estancias employed men by their tens and twenties, they now make do with a quarter of that number. Our estancia employs six regular workers the year round and we use casual labour very rarely.'

'There is a great difference between the conditions that an English herd and an Argentine herd put up with. English dairy herds undergo a careful, planned, scientific care throughout the year, with special stalls and shelter and a balanced feeding regime at all times. Our herds spend their time on the open range, the year round, and rely for sustenance on the rough pastures which are the backbone of all estancias. It is true that they are given hay during the severer winter months, and summer and winter feeds are sown for them. But these are not always 100 per cent. successful because they have to compete with droughts and frosts and even with the animals themselves who, during exceptionally hard winters, eat their feed right down to the roots. These feeds are, generally: alfalfa or lucerne, the staple all-year-round feed; sorghum or Sudan grass, and oats. So dairy herds rely entirely on natural feeds and look forward

to supplementary feeding only on the most insignificant scale. 'Milking is all done by hand, in the open, so that the weather has an effect on the yield. However, though bad weather may seriously impair a milking, it is still carried on regardless'.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF HUBERTA

'No one knows', said ROY MACNAB in a Home Service talk, 'what prompted a hippopotamus named Huberta, late in 1928, to leave her home and family on the shores of Lake St. Lucia on the coast of Zululand. There have been several theories. Some suggest it was the memory

of an early massacre of hippos; others that Huberta was looking for a lost mate or that she was seeking the ancestral haunts of her species. Whatever the motive, she set off to wander alone into areas long free of wild animals on a journey whose equivalent in length is from London to Rome and back.'

'She was seen for the first time fifty miles north of Durban. A gang of Indians working in the sugar plantations were disturbed one day by a terrific bellow. Looking up, they saw a great hippopotamus descending on them and they ran for their lives. When they returned later with some of their fellows, they were amazed to see Huberta quietly making a meal of their crop. The next person to report seeing Huberta was a well-known and genial tramp who for years



Moving a herd to a fresh grazing ground on the Argentine pampas



A typical Argentine estancia

had been travelling the coastal roads of Natal, turning up at the right resorts at the right times. One evening while ambling in the moonlight along the road to Durban he found at his side the great shape of Huberta. He nearly jumped out of his skin with fright and ran madly to the next village.

Meanwhile Huberta had reached the lagoon at Umhlanga Rocks, having covered 120 miles from St. Lucia and being now only about fifteen from Durban. Today Umhlanga is almost a suburb of Durban. Then it was quite wild. The bush was almost impenetrable, full of thick, green, sub-tropical foliage and many of those long, sinewy branches that we used to swing on and call monkey-ropes. Every kind of bird and snake lived in this bush—the honeybird and the black mamba, and the scorpion. Through this bush Huberta came struggling up until she found the lagoon, where she could once again wallow in the shallows. But although she must have found many staring eyes and many wild things in that bush she found no companion of her own size and kind, and by her activities at this time one suspects she was lonely for a mate.

Her next adventure, however, brought her in touch with those strange creatures—humans—once again. One Friday night some Zulu

bandsmen, who belonged to a religious sect called the Order of Ethiopians, were meeting in the open for a rehearsal. The conductor was putting his players through the exciting music of Tchaikovsky's "1812". Out in the bush Huberta picked up the music and probably thought she was back in Zululand. The drumming may easily have reminded her of the running herds and she may have found something familiar in the trumpetings and the high, squeaking notes. Perhaps here at last, she thought, I might find a mate. The players reached their stirring climax and the euphonium player waited for his cue. But Huberta took it instead and inserted a wild bellow into the music. There was pandemonium. As Huberta, the uninvited vocalist, appeared among the orchestra the Zulus dropped everything and ran. Then all was quiet again, and a puzzled Huberta, still without a mate, decided it was time to go. A red glow in the sky, the reflected lights of Durban, beckoned her and she made for the city.

As the months went by the stories of Huberta's wanderings multiplied and her fame grew. The Africans began to see in her something of the supernatural. The Zulus said the hippo was the spirit of their great king, Tshaka, looking for his lost armies. For another year she wandered on, vanishing for months at a time and then being seen at some new place, always farther south. One Sunday in March 1931 she found the railway track between Kingwilliamstown and Berlin in Cape Province and settled herself comfortably across the rails. That night the driver of a freight train saw in the glare of his lights a great shape across the track. He slowed down, approached carefully and presently recognised the hippopotamus. Huberta was fast asleep. The driver tried to waken her with his whistle, but Huberta was not so easily disturbed. Finally the train nudged her with its cow-catcher, and Huberta with a sudden heave got up and left the train to continue on its way.

In April 1931 came the news from the Eastern Cape that the body of Huberta had been found in the Keiskama River. She had been shot in the head just above the eyes'.

BACK TO THE STONE AGE

There were reports in the newspapers recently that an unknown valley, a kind of Shangri-la, inhabited by many hundreds of people previously unknown to the rest of the world had been discovered in the central district of the territory of Papua, New Guinea. The geologist who made the discovery was J. O. ZEHNDER of Sydney, a

member of a survey party, who recorded his story which was broadcast in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'I happened to discover this valley', he said, 'when I left the main party to make a traverse survey, setting out with four native policemen and twenty native carriers. For a day we walked across a wide valley dotted with hamlets, and camped at night near a mountain range. Among the local natives who came round to see us was an old man who said he owned part of the valley on the other side of the mountains. When I explained that I wanted to go there he seemed reluctant to give permission, saying it was the home of the earthquakes. An earth tremor occurred that night, and next morning the old man turned up, smiling, saying that the earth had spoken to him during the night and it was now quite all right for us to proceed. We toiled up a steep track for four hours and entered a 9,000-foot pass, where it was bitterly cold and we were actually right in the clouds. We had gone a good way down the track before I could see the valley, and then, suddenly, there it was—a wide, grass-covered plain with thin columns of smoke rising from native hamlets.

'I have been asked since how it felt to be the first European ever to enter the valley and to meet its stone-age people. As a matter of

fact, I had no time to think about it then, for all my attention was centred on a group of natives who were approaching us. I remember hoping that they would have the same friendly feeling for us as we had for them. They came forward slowly, carrying bows and arrows, and it was obvious they were being very cautious. But our guide, the son of the old man who had said he owned part of the valley, told them we wished to be friends and the valley natives promptly replied that they wanted to be friends, too.

'Their appearance was impressive. All the men were wearing large wigs of matted, human hair which made them look rather like early Egyptians, and the wigs were artistically decorated with yellow and purple everlasting daisies. The average height of the men was about five feet six inches, and they were very stockily built and extremely agile. In addition to their bows and arrows they carried stone axes and bone daggers.

'They wore practically no clothing, just a covering of native string in front and a cluster of leaves at the back suspended from a wide belt made of bark. Most of them also wore strings of small cowrie shells and carried large bags made of native fibre, with the knotted ends slung from shoulder to waist. These bags apparently are the native equivalent of trousers-pockets and contain such things as their bamboo pipes and tobacco, and other small personal possessions. When they walk about on foot, their food is carried in them also, wrapped in leaves.

'While I was taking stock of all this, the natives were equally interested in us—touching my clothes and feeling me with their hands to see if I were real. Then came gasps of surprise as our gear was unpacked, and the sight of the tent literally left them speechless. There was a babble of talk and they expressed their amazement that so large a house could be carried by one man and put up so quickly. They brought us gifts of food from their quite extensive gardens—such things as sweet potatoes and sugar-cane—and we in return gave them highly prized cowrie shells and beads which they use for personal adornment.

'When I had time to look round, I saw that the valley was about sixteen miles long and twelve miles wide and entirely enclosed by sheer mountain ranges. I judged the population to be about 3,000, all living in small, scattered hamlets. We were such good friends with the natives when we left next day that some decided to return with us to the main camp'.



'Stone-age' people of the recently discovered valley in New Guinea

Freedom Is Not So Simple

By NATHANIEL MICKLEM

THIS subject of freedom is much more tricky than I once supposed. I was brought up on Milton and on Mill and on the principles of democracy which, I suppose, go back to the great days of Athens. I believed in government by discussion as opposed to government by force and tyranny; no civilised people, we believed, would persecute men for their religious or political opinions. In the field of education I remember the battle-cry 'No tests for teachers'; that meant, no religious tests; it was assumed as a matter of course, when I was young, that there would be no political tests for teachers. I still believe in freedom of the mind and freedom of speech and the freedom of teachers; indeed, in the light of what I have seen in the world since I was a boy, I believe in them more than ever. But the issue is more complicated than I could see then, and the old freedoms no longer go unchallenged.

Relapse into Barbarism

One of the first results of Hitler's regime in Germany was the corruption of the schools, the universities, the public service. The first question the Nazis asked was not, will this man do his job well, but is he of 'pure' racial descent (whatever that might mean), and is he politically sound? Any man whose grandfather happened to have been a Jew, any man whose political opinions happened to have been on the liberal side, was ousted from his post as a teacher or public servant and might count himself fortunate if he escaped the concentration camp or the gas-oven. That was not only tyranny; it was a relapse into barbarism.

At first sight the situation in Russia now might not seem to be very different. We can guess what would happen to a Russian professor of political theory, or indeed to any citizen, if he should show sympathy with, or even sympathetic understanding of, the Labour Party in England or the capitalist system in America. Even poetry, music, and science are not free from party dictation and party control.

In Britain we regard this political interference with teachers and artists as barbarism like Hitler's. It is certainly the negation of our democratic way of life. But is it really barbarism? Here is my puzzle, for in Russia this suppression of liberty rests upon a principle which up to a point is not only intelligible but, I think, actually sound. Let me put to you the case for the marxists as I understand it; it would run like this: communism, I think they would say, is not only an economic theory; it is a political system and a total philosophy of life; it has become, and as the government it is our business to see that it remains, the basis of the national life. We do not wish to interfere with people's opinions; but our business is to see that they are good citizens, and, in particular, we cannot allow opinions to be expressed or doctrines to be taught which, if they spread, would disrupt the unity of the nation. No government can tolerate sedition; when you have a total philosophy of life, as we have in communism, of course the bounds of sedition are widened; we will not allow seditious opinions to be propagated here.

Nor is that just a marxian doctrine; for I find very much the same line of thought presented by the most violent enemies of the marxians. If you ask why Protestants are treated as they are in Colombia or communists in Spain, the answer you will probably be given on the spot is that national unity must be maintained, that these countries are, and desire to remain, Roman Catholic, and that these dissident minorities tend to undermine the unity of the people and its political structure; they are, in fact if not openly and intentionally, seditious.

I do not accept this argument in these cases, but this is not the occasion to argue the matter. I am concerned with my own perplexity; and my perplexity arises from this, that the case as I have put it for the marxists and others is logical and up to a point sound. It is the duty of a government to maintain national unity along the lines desired by the people; it is the duty of the government to see that children are trained to be good citizens. But, obviously, there can be a clash between the two principles of freedom and national unity. Freedom and national unity are two vital principles, but if there is a clash, must one go under?

And if so, which? How is it that we in Great Britain manage to combine national unity with freedom?

Two important presuppositions implicitly underlie our national way of life: the first is that teachers can be trusted 'to play the game' (I will explain what I mean in a moment); the second is that no person, no group, no party, no majority however big, may claim to have all the truth; there is almost always something to be learned from the other fellows. Thus with us an extreme socialist or an extreme conservative may be appointed to a chair of political philosophy in a university with complete freedom to express his own views, but it is always presupposed that he will not use his position for vulgar propaganda, and that he will present the views of those who disagree with him as objectively, as fairly, as forcibly as he can.

Again, in politics we believe that truth and justice and unity can be attained only by, controversy or discussion. If you stifle discussion and opposition, you stifle truth and justice, and tyranny takes the place of unity and freedom. In our own parliament Her Majesty's Opposition is almost as much a part of the constitution as Her Majesty's Government; we assume that the Opposition is worth listening to, and we regard this balance or statutory conflict as a great safeguard of good government and national unity as well as of freedom.

But all this is a point of view impossible in authoritarian or totalitarian states, whether they call themselves communist or Christian. My conclusion so far is, therefore, that the two principles of freedom and national unity can be realised together only on the implicit recognition by all parties that no one individual and no one party has a monopoly of truth and wisdom.

My second point, which I must make very briefly, is that either of these two principles in isolation from the other is disastrous in its effects. We must hold on to both of them. The neglect of the principle of freedom leads to tyranny; that is obvious; we are more apt to forget that if we so exalt freedom as to neglect national unity, we shall lose both national unity and freedom. Let me illustrate that by a single example. I am glad that in this country the Communist Party is tolerated, that a Communist can sit in parliament, if he can get himself elected, that we do not have political tests for the civil service or the teaching profession. But there are, there must be, limits to this freedom. For instance, could we permit communist schools within the national education system? My answer quite clearly would be 'No'—on these grounds, that it is the duty of the government to maintain national unity and to see that education produces good citizens to take their place in the traditional life of the nation. Communist schools would be bound to educate children to be bad, even seditious, citizens from the point of view of the kind of national life we desire to have. At that point plainly we must say 'No'. The difference between us and the authoritarian states, then, is not absolute; it is that they will tolerate deviationism at no stage, and we are prepared to take action only with great reluctance and as a last resort.

Unwillingness to Interfere

In Great Britain we are extraordinarily unwilling, I sometimes think that we are almost foolishly unwilling, to interfere with freedom in the interests of national unity and the way of life which we have chosen as a people. We think that freedom at least is safe with us. But I wonder; in the matter of communism we seem to lean over backwards in the interests of freedom. Our friends in the United States certainly think that we do, but they, if I may put it this way, are leaning over backwards in the other direction. They are the most liberty-loving of all the great peoples outside our Commonwealth; they believe in freedom; they want to set everybody free; they are the knights errant of the modern world who want to liberate all the beautiful damsels (in this case countries) who are held captive by wicked ogres (in this case communists). But I have just come back from America and am really alarmed at what has happened to freedom there.

Let me explain. In this country we know that coexistence with Communist Powers is unavoidable even if distasteful. The possibility of

peaceful coexistence with communism is not yet recognised, or at least not yet publicly acknowledged, in the U.S.A. Their word for peaceful coexistence is 'appeasement'. Psychologically, therefore, they are still at war and are suffering from a very acute attack of spy-fever. We know from our own experience what that is. The result is that anyone who has once had communist friends, or who expresses any sympathy with aspects of communism, or, indeed, who espouses what we should regard as politically liberal opinions, is in great danger of being accused of being a communist or a fellow-traveller or, at the least, an unreliable citizen; with disastrous results to him, especially if he be a civil servant or in the public employ or a teacher at a school or a state university. I saw something of this at first hand; I learned much more from fair- and liberal-minded Americans who feel about this just as we do.

You think I am exaggerating? Then let me quote from a very distinguished and well-known American, Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, who was at one time President of the University of Chicago. He says, and I should not quote this unless what I have myself seen and heard would bear this out:

Education is impossible in many parts of America today because free enquiry and free discussion are impossible. In these communities, the

teacher of economics, history, or political science cannot teach. Even the teacher of literature must be careful. Did not a member of Indiana's textbook commission call Robin Hood subversive?

Incredibly enough, this can happen and is happening in the United States today.

I do not believe that this is the true America; I do not believe that it will last; I regard it as a fever which will be past one day. But I was astonished and even scared by the havoc (I use the word advisedly) that is being wrought in American schools and universities and public offices just now by the silencing of opinion and the fear of a loss of a job. I hope that this could never happen here, but I suspect that we should seriously consider whether we may not be unduly blind to the danger of communism which perhaps the Americans perceive more clearly, however hysterical, as it seems to us, is their response to it.

But while I have come to think that in this modern world the question of freedom is not nearly as simple as I once thought, I have come home with a greatly enhanced love of our liberties and desire that at all costs we shall keep our education free, and maintain the greatest possible freedom of discussion in parliament and the world at large. Freedom is not the only value in the world; but none is more precious and none in the modern world in greater jeopardy.—*Home Service*

Law in Action

Conditions in Wills

By A. D. HARGREAVES

THE last will and testament can provide a pretty motive for a detective story, but in itself it is not often a matter for a newspaper headline. Yet to the lawyer who is addicted to these things, the law of wills can give an intellectual excitement which is not without its place in the scale of happiness. And I hope you will not think that its attraction is merely the remote beauty of a logical exposition. Often, behind the dry technicalities, there is some fundamental principle, often obscure, often not consciously expressed, which is of real significance in the social structure.

As an example of what I mean, take the case of *Re Allen*, decided by the Court of Appeal just over a year ago. Superficially it is merely an additional refinement of a branch of the law of wills which is notorious for its subtlety and pedantic technique. Yet it is possible to look at it as an episode, important, perhaps ominous, in a struggle that has been going on for centuries, a struggle between the policy of the law, which tries to preserve the basic freedoms of property—freedom to enjoy, freedom to alienate—and the property owners themselves, who are constantly trying to use that very freedom in order to restrict it for their successors.

The facts in *Re Allen* were simple. A testator had given land to 'the eldest of the sons of my nephew Francis who shall be a member of the Church of England and an adherent to the doctrine of that Church'. At first sight, this seems to be a straightforward, innocuous provision. But it is what is called a conditional gift; and over the centuries the ingenuity of testators has invented an almost infinite variety of these conditions, with the result that the courts have been compelled to construct a body of law which is extraordinarily complicated and often intensely difficult to apply. Only one branch of this system concerns us: the rule that a condition must be so worded that it leaves no doubt in the mind of the court what are the precise circumstances which will involve its fulfilment or its breach. It happens that this aspect of the law relating to conditions has been much litigated during the last ten years or so. There is often a fashion in these things. An important case focuses attention on a particular rule; lawyers, trustees, and beneficiaries are forcibly reminded of the rule, and they begin to raise doubts about clauses which might otherwise have passed without question.

In this instance, the important case was *Clayton v. Ramsden*, decided by the House of Lords in 1943. Here there was a gift to a daughter, with a condition that the property should pass to someone else if she married a person not of Jewish parentage. What did the testator mean by Jewish parentage? Did he require the husband to be of pure Jewish blood? If so, how could any person ever prove that his blood was pure? And if the testator did not require absolute purity of blood, what

degree of intermixture was he prepared to accept? What if one of the four grandparents were not of Jewish parentage? What if one of the eight great-grandparents? The daughter could never be sure that any husband she might marry would conform to the required description. The condition was thus too uncertain to be enforced, so the daughter was entitled to keep her legacy, whoever she might marry, even if she married someone who was certainly not a Jew. Subsequent cases have made it clear that a similar condition which requires the husband to be of the Jewish faith is equally uncertain and void. There are varying degrees of orthodoxy in the Jewish faith as in most others, and a testator who uses such words has not given a sufficient indication of what test has to be applied.

So we come to *Re Allen*. The case was heard at first instance by Mr. Justice Vaisey. He began with the first part of the condition—membership of the Church of England. What did the testator mean by that? There were many possible tests, varying from the electoral roll of the parish, with its names of regular communicants, to that notorious army practice, whereby, if a Christian is not a Roman Catholic, a Methodist, and so on, he is, or so it is said, automatically classed as 'C. of E.'. Even more difficult is the second limb of the condition, requiring adherence to the doctrine of the Church of England. The Church is by tradition open to a wide variety of Christians. There are many varying ideas of its teaching. In these circumstances, could anyone conscientiously say that he adhered to the doctrine of the Church without adding some, perhaps many, qualifications? And the testator had given no indication of which qualifications he was prepared to accept. Consequently the condition was too uncertain and therefore void.

At first sight, this decision simply follows *Clayton v. Ramsden*. In fact, however, there is an important distinction between the two cases. In *Clayton v. Ramsden*, the condition operated subsequently to the vesting of the property: the daughter got the property in the first instance, but was to forfeit it if subsequently she married so as to break the condition. As the condition was void, she retained the gift free from all danger of forfeiture. On the other hand, in *Re Allen*, the condition preceded the vesting of the property: there was to be no gift at all unless the condition was first fulfilled, so that if the condition were void, the gift itself would be void. This distinction between subsequent conditions and precedent conditions is well established. The lawyers, by the way, in their barbarous law French, call them conditions subsequent and conditions precedent. But, as far as I know, this is the first case in which the rule of uncertainty has been squarely considered in relation to conditions precedent. And it was upon this distinction that the case was argued in the Court of Appeal.

There, the judgement was reversed, though not without difficulty.

Lord Justice Romer, for instance, could not conceive how any claimant could satisfy such an obscure test as adherence to the doctrine of the Church of England. He likened it to a gift to such of testator's employees as should be of Jewish parentage. 'If', he said, 'effect could have been given to such a description, the condition in *Clayton v. Ramsden* would presumably not have been held void for uncertainty, for the court would have been able to "enlighten" the daughter before she contracted a marriage'. Hardly a romantic approach. What an answer to a proposal of marriage: 'you must give me time—time to apply to the court for directions!'

'Condition Subsequent' Defined

The other members of the court, however—the Master of the Rolls, Sir Raymond Evershed, and Lord Justice Birkett—held that the condition was valid in both its requirements. The Master of the Rolls began by pointing out that a condition subsequent operates as a forfeiture of an established property right, and that all forfeiture clauses are to be strictly construed in the interests of established property rights. In particular, such a clause must be so clear as to leave no reasonable doubt in the beneficiary's mind what particular activities would, and what would not, cause him to lose his property. But this strict construction does not apply to wills generally. As he pointed out, 'In the case of a will, it is generally the function and duty of a court to construe the testator's language with reasonable liberality, to try, if it can, to give a sensible effect to the intention he has expressed. To this general rule, conditions subsequent seem to me to be an exception'. On the other hand, there is no reason why conditions precedent should also be an exception. In the first place, if the condition precedent is void, there is no gift at all, while if it is valid and fulfilled, the gift at once becomes absolute. There is thus no question of forfeiting an established property right.

Furthermore, there is equally no question of insisting upon a precise test capable of applying to every conceivable possibility which might happen in the future, as there is with a condition subsequent. The court is not concerned with future circumstances, unknown and necessarily unknowable. It has to decide simply whether proved facts establish an immediate claim by an existing claimant. Suppose, for instance, that the claimant in *Re Allen* happened to be a dignitary of the Church—counsel in argument had suggested the Archbishop of Canterbury—it would shock public opinion if the court refused to accept his claim on the grounds that it was uncertain whether or not he was a member of the Church of England and an adherent to its doctrine. If, of course, a condition required an impossibility, as that the beneficiary should be a pure-blooded Englishman (or, presumably, of Jewish parentage), the gift would in those circumstances be void, for no claimant could possibly establish a claim. But where there is no such complete impossibility, then, although a claimant's task might be difficult, he is at least entitled to have his claim considered in the light of such evidence as he is able to adduce in its support.

I may perhaps summarise the result thus: Conditions precedent will in future receive that benevolent construction which is applied in general to all gifts by will. The court favours freedom of testation, and goes to considerable lengths to uphold the validity of gifts by will. Once, however, a gift has been made, that favour is no longer shown to any attempt to impose conditions on its enjoyment. Within limits, such as those imposed by the perpetuity rules, fetters may be forged; but the court will regard them with a jealous eye, and will grasp any reasonable opportunity for striking them off. And if you ask why this different attitude is adopted, a lawyer no doubt will be content to say that forfeiture clauses must be strictly interpreted. But that merely restates the problem in different form, and it may well be that the courts will soon be compelled to define their attitude in more precise terms. No doubt the answer depends ultimately on the social conditions of the time, as they are reflected in the minds and the decisions of the judges. Many of these forfeiture clauses are attempts to control the marriage of the next generation, understandable when a parent is able to judge for himself the desirability of a specific engagement; but to lay down general rules to be applied after one's death, and to seek to enforce them with the big stick of property, is an extension of the power of the purse not necessarily in keeping with modern ideas. Attempts to influence such a personal thing as a man's religion in this way will perhaps arouse even less sympathy.

Another frequent type of condition is the so-called name and arms clause, under which a beneficiary is required to assume, and so

perpetuate, the testator's own family name. This kind of clause was understandable in the great days of the landed gentry. Many of us indeed would still regret to see a famous name die out. But too often one feels that the name and arms clause is being used to perpetuate nothing of more value than the insignificance of the testator himself. One can scarcely wonder that in modern conditions as they exist today this clause is regarded by the court with almost open hostility. In all these instances, forfeiture clauses will be enforced if they are precise and certain. But once an element of uncertainty creeps in, the court will give the benefit of the doubt to the beneficiary and not to the testator. And I would suggest that the fundamental reason for this attitude is that the law considers that these clauses are not in harmony with the generally accepted views of property and the rights that property gives.

It may well be that *Re Allen* has opened a new chapter in this unending story of conflict. Conditions precedent are now known to be comparatively free from the threats of the uncertainty rule, and in many cases conditions which would fail as conditions subsequent can easily be redrafted as conditions precedent. Take, for instance, the common case of a testator who wishes to ensure the marriage of his daughter to a man of Jewish faith, or to a member of the Church of England. If he uses a condition subsequent, operating by way of forfeiture, he will generally fail in his object, as happened in *Clayton v. Ramsden*. But why not give the income only to the daughter during spinsterhood, and then give the capital to her on her marriage to a man of the prescribed faith? The gift of the capital thus becomes a separate gift, which by itself is subject to a condition precedent, and according to *Re Allen* such a condition precedent is not void for uncertainty. The object of the testator is thus attained, whereas it would have failed had the condition been drafted as a condition subsequent; yet the social result—the social evil, if it be an evil—is precisely the same. Will testators begin to take advantage of this device? Does *Re Allen* finally conclude the issue of its validity? Perhaps not.

There is another rule, deliberately intended to foster the early vesting of property rights, that in cases of doubt a condition will be construed as subsequent rather than precedent. It is surely still open to the court to hold that where a conditional gift follows a partial gift to the same beneficiary, the two gifts should be construed as a whole. If this view be adopted, the condition would become a condition subsequent and so within the protection of the uncertainty rule. The law is thus not necessarily powerless in defence of its traditional policy.

—Third Programme

Travelling

We too were chased by dolphins,
the cheerful urchins of that broad and sunny street
Whose brilliant shades outshone belief.

Envy could find no room on this small ship,
And Care had never cared for such a trip.

The purser held our passports. And our thoughts
could promenade no further than the prow.
The hot breeze hardly turned a page, there were no names
to call the forms and colours of the sea, nor time
To damn the future with a clever rhyme.

That was between a job lost and a job unfound. No money,
fewer hopes, a change of homelessness. Yet honey
And milk flowed round the ship. What did it mean—
it seemed to last for ever? That's what it meant.

D. J. ENRIGHT

Hearsay

'Idle, debauched, a failure and a scandal,
How does he make ends meet, poor chap, these days?'

'They'll meet all right—at both he burns his candle,
And sees Truth staring from the dual blaze'.

WILLIAM PLOMER

Knowledge and Wisdom

By BERTRAND RUSSELL, O.M.

MOST people would agree that, although our age far surpasses all previous ages in knowledge, there has been no correlative increase in wisdom. But agreement ceases as soon as we attempt to define 'wisdom' and consider means of promoting it. I want to ask first what wisdom is, and then what can be done to teach it.

There are several factors that contribute to wisdom. Of these I should put first a sense of proportion: the capacity to take account of all the important factors in a problem and to attach to each its due weight. This has become more difficult than it used to be owing to the extent and complexity of the specialised knowledge required of various kinds of technicians. Suppose, for example, that you are engaged in research in scientific medicine. The work is difficult and is likely to absorb the whole of your intellectual energy. You have not time to consider the effect which your discoveries or inventions may have outside the field of medicine. You succeed (let us say), as modern medicine has succeeded, in enormously lowering the infant death-rate, not only in Europe and America, but also in Asia and Africa. This has the entirely unintended result of making the food supply inadequate and lowering the standard of life in the most populous parts of the world. To take an even more spectacular example, which is in everybody's mind at the present time: you study the composition of the atom from a disinterested desire for knowledge, and incidentally place in the hands of powerful lunatics the means of destroying the human race. In such ways the pursuit of knowledge may become harmful unless it is combined with wisdom; and wisdom in the sense of comprehensive vision is not necessarily present in specialists in the pursuit of knowledge.

Comprehensiveness alone, however, is not enough to constitute wisdom. There must be, also, a certain awareness of the ends of human life. This may be illustrated by the study of history. Many eminent historians have done more harm than good because they viewed facts through the distorting medium of their own passions: Hegel had a philosophy of history which did not suffer from any lack of comprehensiveness, since it started from the earliest times and continued into an indefinite future. But the chief lesson of history which he sought to inculcate was that from the year A.D. 400 down to his own time Germany had been the most important nation and the standard-bearer of progress in the world. Perhaps one could stretch the comprehensiveness that constitutes wisdom to include not only intellect but also feeling. It is by no means uncommon to find men whose knowledge is wide but whose feelings are narrow. Such men lack what I am calling wisdom.

Ends and their Pursuit

It is not only in public ways, but in private life equally, that wisdom is needed. It is needed in the choice of ends to be pursued and in emancipation from personal prejudice. Even an end which it would be noble to pursue if it were attainable may be pursued unwisely if it is inherently impossible of achievement. Many men in past ages devoted their lives to a search for the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life. No doubt, if they could have found them, they would have conferred great benefits upon mankind, but as it was their lives were wasted. To descend to less heroic matters, consider the case of two men, Mr. A and Mr. B, who hate each other and, through mutual hatred, bring each other to destruction. Suppose you go to Mr. A and say 'Why do you hate Mr. B?'. He will no doubt give you an appalling list of Mr. B's vices, partly true, partly false. And now suppose you go to Mr. B. He will give you an exactly similar list of Mr. A's vices with an equal admixture of truth and falsehood. Suppose you now come back to Mr. A and say 'You will be surprised to learn that Mr. B says the same things about you as you say about him', and you go to Mr. B and make a similar speech. The first effect, no doubt, will be to increase their mutual hatred, since each will be so horrified by the other's injustice. But, perhaps, if you have sufficient patience and sufficient persuasiveness, you may succeed in convincing each that the other has only the normal share of human wickedness, and their enmity is

harmful to both. If you can do this, you will have instilled some fragment of wisdom.

The essence of wisdom is emancipation, as far as possible, from the tyranny of the here and the now. We cannot help the egoism of our senses. Sight and sound and touch are bound up with our own bodies and cannot be made impersonal. Our emotions start similarly from ourselves. An infant feels hunger or discomfort, and is unaffected except by his own physical condition. Gradually, with the years, his horizon widens, and, in proportion as his thoughts and feelings become less personal and less concerned with his own physical states, he achieves growing wisdom. This is, of course, a matter of degree. No one can view the world with complete impartiality; and if anyone could, he would hardly be able to remain alive. But it is possible to make a continual approach towards impartiality: on the one hand, by knowing things somewhat remote in time or space; and, on the other hand, by giving to such things their due weight in our feelings. It is this approach towards impartiality that constitutes growth in wisdom.

One of the Aims of Education

Can wisdom in this sense be taught? And, if it can, should the teaching of it be one of the aims of education? I should answer both these questions in the affirmative. We are told on Sundays that we should love our neighbour as ourselves. On the other six days of the week, we are exhorted to hate him. You may say that this is nonsense, since it is not our neighbour whom we are exhorted to hate. But you will remember that the precept was exemplified by saying that the Samaritan was our neighbour. We no longer have any wish to hate Samaritans and so we are apt to miss the point of the parable. If you want to get its point, you should substitute 'communist' or 'anti-communist', as the case may be, for 'Samaritan'. It might be objected that it is right to hate those who do harm. I do not think so. If you hate them, it is only too likely that you will become equally harmful; and it is very unlikely that you will induce them to abandon their evil ways. Hatred of evil is itself a kind of bondage to evil. The way out is through understanding, not through hate. I am not advocating non-resistance. But I am saying that resistance, if it is to be effective in preventing the spread of evil, should be combined with the greatest degree of understanding and the smallest degree of force that is compatible with the survival of the good things that we wish to preserve.

It is commonly urged that a point of view such as I have been advocating is incompatible with vigour in action. I do not think history bears out this view. Queen Elizabeth I in England and Henry IV in France lived in a world where almost everybody was fanatical, either on the Protestant or on the Catholic side. Both remained free from the errors of their time and both, by remaining free, were beneficent and certainly not ineffective. Abraham Lincoln conducted a great war without ever departing from what I have been calling wisdom.

I have said that in some degree wisdom can be taught. I think that this teaching should have a larger intellectual element than has been customary in what has been thought of as moral instruction. The disastrous results of hatred and narrow-mindedness to those who feel them can be pointed out incidentally in the course of giving knowledge. I do not think that knowledge and morals ought to be too much separated. It is true that the kind of specialised knowledge which is required for various kinds of skill has little to do with wisdom. But it should be supplemented in education by wider surveys calculated to put it in its place in the total of human activities. Even the best technicians should also be good citizens; and when I say 'citizens', I mean citizens of the world and not of this or that sect or nation. With every increase of knowledge and skill, wisdom becomes more necessary, for every such increase augments our capacity for realising our purposes, and therefore augments our capacity for evil, if our purposes are unwise. The world needs wisdom as it has never needed it before; and if knowledge continues to increase, the world will need wisdom in the future even more than it does now.

—European Service

Lessons of the Flying Doctor Service

By ALLAN VICKERS

FOR the past twenty-six years I have had the honour to be associated with the Flying Doctor Service of Australia, an organisation designed to conquer isolation in our country. At the moment it consists of ten bases, each of which covers an area of approximately 400 miles radius, so that together they take care of almost two-thirds of Australia—an area about twice the size of Europe.

This part of Australia is sparsely settled. The settlers are often as much as 50 miles from their nearest neighbours and up to 400 miles from their nearest hospital and doctor. Such a degree of isolation does not only place them in a desperate plight when illness occurs: the mother of the family, who may not see another woman for months at a time, longs for the sound of another woman's voice; infrequent mail services impose a severe handicap on both property management and household 'shopping'; the education of the children presents great difficulties. Only those who have lived in isolation can fully appreciate what it means.

The heart of the whole Flying Doctor Service is our system of wireless communication and the unique part of that system is the small transmitting and receiving stations which we call 'transceivers'. These transceivers are the product of over thirty years of experiment and design by the Service and are built in our own factory. Small and sturdy, they are simple enough to be operated by completely untrained people, and yet are capable of transmitting messages in voice for well over 400 miles. Each of our bases is in charge of a doctor. He has at his disposal a fairly powerful wireless station operated by a qualified wireless engineer, and a cabin-type aeroplane flown and serviced by an experienced pilot and ground-staff.

When a medical call is received, the doctor can discuss the case fully in voice with the patient, or his relatives. With practice it is remarkable how accurate his diagnoses can become, with hundreds of miles of wireless co-ordinating the eyes and fingers of bush folk and his own trained mind. Having made his diagnosis, several courses of action are possible. He can give advice for treatment of the patient in his own home. To facilitate this we provide standard medical chests, in which the drugs are not only named but numbered to avoid errors in identification; so the doctor

knows exactly what drugs are available. In obviously serious cases the doctor flies out immediately. If an operation is necessary the hospital is advised by wireless on the flight home, so that on arrival there is



An aircraft of the Flying Doctor Service approaching Tibooburra, one of the isolated communities in the Australian 'outback'



Dr. John Woods broadcasting advice to a patient from the Flying Doctor radio station at Broken Hill, New South Wales

no delay. The patient, lying on a comfortable stretcher in the cabin, often sleeps while hundreds of miles of rough road slip past underneath. Fast, comfortable transport in this way saves many lives in Australia every year. Outlying small hospitals which have no doctor are supervised by constant wireless contact with the nursing staff. Imagine living in London and being the 'Resident Medical Officer' of a hospital in Edinburgh! Routine visits to these hospitals and other small townships enable the doctor to immunise children against diphtheria, whooping-cough, and tetanus; young women having babies get their vital ante-natal attention, and all those varied problems for which you consult your own doctor are dealt with.

Having developed the wireless network primarily for medical purposes, we found ourselves in possession of a means of alleviating many other disabilities of isolated settlers. Should we remain solely a 'medical' service? We felt that the answer must be 'No'—that we should explore every avenue which would make their lives less lonely and insecure. These people, once cut off from outside contacts, can now talk at will to their neighbours for hundreds of miles around (we provide a special frequency for the purpose) and also send their telegrams through our base stations. Last year we handled 185,000 telegrams in this way. We also have a 'School of the Air', which assists bush mothers with the education of their children.

The Service is controlled by committees in the capital cities, composed of some of our leading business and professional men. We enjoy the confidence and support of our governments, but are left completely free of government

control. No charge is made to patients but they are expected to donate what they can afford, and more than half of our annual expenditure of £130,000 is thus donated by our patients.

'The Answer to Isolation'

I have not told you all this merely as a story. It is the possibility of expansion beyond our own shores in which I would like to interest you. For many years we have been receiving enquiries from other countries regarding our mode of operation, and visitors from Africa, India, Pakistan, and elsewhere have assured us what a boon a similar service would be in their own countries. We have done our best to send what information we could, but letters have definite limitations. This year, a generous grant from your great Nuffield Foundation made it possible for me to visit the United Kingdom, and I decided, in addition to other activities, to try to disseminate further information about our organisation. We firmly believe that we have the answer to isolation, whatever the cause—whether it be distance, mountains, jungle, or sea. There would seem to be no place in the world where people should be cut off from the friendly voices of their neighbours or the advice and assistance of their doctors in time of need.

Moreover, the combination of wireless and aircraft can help to overcome the shortage of doctors in countries where it exists. After all, it is just another application of modern technology to the problem of conserving man-power. You no longer build roads with hundreds of men using picks and shovels, but with a handful of men using bulldozers and trucks. We in Australia have a certain amount of 'know-how' in this field. We have learned it the hard way by a process of trial and error. We at least know some of the things *not* to do. Whilst we are not doing anything which other countries could not work out for themselves, it seems, to say the least, unneighbourly to stand by and let them start where we started twenty-six years ago, and make some of the mistakes we made. We know of other air-ambulance schemes which are operating successfully in the highlands and islands of Scotland, in Lapland, in the prairie provinces of Canada, and the Falkland Islands—some of which, at least, acknowledge the Australian Service as their inspiration. No doubt we could all learn from each other if the means existed for closer co-operation.

But what of all those other countries where no such service as yet exists? I am authorised by the Flying Doctor Service of Australia to say that we should be delighted to do all in our power to assist any other country which would like to set up a similar service for its own people. We do not wish to run their service for them, nor to lay down any conditions for its operation, nor do we wish to push our ideas down anyone's unwilling throat. But if any country should request our co-operation I cannot think of anything which we would not do to assist. If asked, I feel sure that my Service would be glad to allow one of us to visit another country to advise in detail on the spot; doctors from that country could come to Australia and be attached as observers to one of our bases. There are many ways in which we could help to smooth their path in the beginning; doubtless they would return the compliment within a few years, by teaching us some new trick of the trade.

But many of the countries where the need would seem to be great are not wealthy and have a host of other problems to engage their resources. Unfortunately Australia is not wealthy, either. We can contribute something in technique, but our own constantly expanding Service is keeping our financial resources rather fully employed. Here lies a glorious opportunity for the people of goodwill in wealthier countries to engage in an enterprise that could not only alleviate much suffering and death but that might conceivably pay big dividends in international goodwill.

And what a need there is for generating international goodwill at this moment! I need not mention in detail those places, even within the confines of the British Commonwealth of Nations, where unrest and ill will are rife and growing. Not even I would suggest that a British Commonwealth Flying Doctor Service would provide a complete solution for this regrettable state of affairs, but such a service could very well be a powerful influence for good. There are people of goodwill in every country, no matter what their nationality, colour, or creed. They are mostly prevented from 'getting together' by ignorance of each others' language. But there is one thing which speaks all languages and that is the effort to bring help to a man's wife and children when they are stricken by disease or accident. There are devoted doctors and nurses doing this very thing today in all sorts of far places, but their numbers are too few for the task while they are earthbound and dumb beyond the range of the human voice. But, given aircraft and wireless,

they could reproduce the metamorphosis which in the last twenty-six years has transformed the Australian bush.

A British Commonwealth Flying Doctor Service could hardly fail to convey, to the minds of those whom it would serve, some realisation that their fellows in the more privileged parts of the Commonwealth have a genuine interest in whether they live or die. It seems reasonable to suppose that a service on the Australian pattern, available to all, irrespective of colour, class, or creed, would be very useful in, say, Kenya. It would enable white Kenyans to contact their neighbours and their doctor, but also, by providing medical amenities for Africans in exactly the same way, it would serve as an avenue of goodwill between all Kenyans, and also between Kenya and the United Kingdom.

I have spoken of a British Commonwealth Flying Doctor Service because it is a handy unit for discussion, but the idea need not be so limited. Many countries outside the British Commonwealth need some such organisation. What a field that would be for the nations which profess Christian democracy to explore—and in particular for the two great English-speaking democracies.

Perhaps a doctor should not trespass on a non-medical field, and I hesitate to rush in where angels fear to tread; but no one can be unaware that in recent years the new philosophy of communism has arisen to compete with the democratic faith for the hearts and minds of men all over the world. Naturally we, as Christian democrats, believe our way to be the better, but millions of people sincerely adhere to the other faith, while many millions more are still not in either camp. One thing seems likely to me: that the best way to counter an idea is with a better idea. Force would not seem to be likely to succeed in the long run. The very Christianity which we profess as the basis of our democracy affords a good example. Crucifixion and throwing Christians to the lions did not avail the Roman Empire much—but how astonished would have been the Romans of the first century A.D. had anyone foretold that the idea being propounded in the distant province of Palestine would live to see their mighty empire a thing of the past, and their mother tongue a dead language!

The central idea of democracy is a belief in the importance of man as an individual. Why not give expression to that good idea in every possible way? One way would be to extend a helping hand to individuals in other countries, when in their greatest personal need—when illness threatens the lives of their families. Maybe an international extension of the Flying Doctor Service would make only a small contribution to this end, but it seems possible that the contribution would be worth the effort involved. It would at least help to demonstrate that we who profess democracy are people of goodwill and that we are prepared to employ our wealth and our technical superiority in wireless and aircraft not only to deliver atom bombs and destruction but to conquer isolation and save men's lives.—*Home Service*

The Return

He stood at last by the old barbed wire
And looked down the valley of mud and fire.

He thought of a girl and he thought of the war
But the past would no longer obey or adore.

Armistice day had come too late:
All he could do was sit and wait.

Perhaps time went on just the same
Until the demobbing order came.

The lorry rattled over the bumps
Past the graves and the wired-in dumps.

Back again in the old home town:
Some of the buildings had been bombed down.

'Darling, how your face looks strange'.
'A man may change. A man may change'.

'Darling, what's the bayonet for?'
'All's fair in love and war'.

ROBERT CONQUEST

Burial-place of a Celtic Princess

JACQUES HEURGON on the discovery at Vix

THE discovery in 1953 of a magnificent barrow-tomb at Vix, near Châtillon-sur-Seine, in the department of the Côte d'Or, has caused great excitement, sometimes inspired by more imagination than knowledge. Weeklies seized upon the subject and published a romance about the Celtic princess, a priestess of the sun, they said, who occasionally bathed on summer nights in the waters of the Seine. A young professor had at last, after 2,500 years, troubled her enchanted sleep, and after that fell ill. Another account preferred to imagine that archaeologists had found again the Gallic Joan of Arc. Some were extremely anxious to know the quantity and number of degrees of the wine supposed to have been kept in the huge vessel found by the heroine's side. But, as usual, popular fancy is more jejune and less satisfactory than mere facts and historical reality.

To begin with, it was not in itself unexpected to find, in Burgundy, a tomb dating from the end of the sixth century B.C., and provided with rich funerary furniture, including objects in the Greek style. The Vix find is anything but a casual one. It has crowned a long series of efforts in the Châtillonais by generations of archaeologists; it has rewarded, above all, the methodical excavations undertaken in 1946 by M. René Joffroy on the Hallstattian site of Mont Lassois.

The name Hallstattian, derived from the city of Hallstatt in Austria, has been given to a period of European prehistory which corresponds to the early Iron Age. During this period, about 900-500 B.C., an energetic civilisation, of which the Celts were the principal exponents, developed from Bohemia to France: this newly forged iron sword had secured victory over the old bronze culture. The Hallstattian civilisation was divided in a certain number of geographical groups, which archaeologists characterise by pottery and brooches. But one of its most important provinces was the west province—that is to say south Germany, north Switzerland, east France—which, owing to their iron resources in Lorraine and Burgundy, enjoyed a sort of supremacy.

We had known for a long time in Burgundy, and especially in the Châtillonais, the graves of these Celtic tribes: for instance, since 1872, Edouard Flouest and Dr. Blanchard had already dug, at Magny-Lambert, in the *arrondissement* of Châtillon-sur-Seine, fourteen barrow-tombs, or tumuli, many others having been previously levelled by



The golden diadem, weighing more than a pound, worn by the Celtic princess whose tomb was found at Vix



The bronze wine-vessel or *krater*, still half buried in earth as it was being dug up from the tomb. Left: detail of the frieze on the *krater*



agriculture. In the same district, at Sainte-Colombe, less than a mile from the Vix tomb, two other tumuli had been explored which seem to have been closely akin to it in the richness of their furniture and in date—that is, the end of the Hallstattian period. In one of them there had been found a bronze tripod bearing a large cauldron with griffin heads, which certainly was of Greek or Etruscan workmanship.

More than that, in the vicinity, on Mont Lassois, one of the villages to which these tombs belonged had been identified. The late J. Lagorrette had discovered it in 1929 and had explored it for ten years. And the excavations which M. René Joffroy resumed after the war brought to light the remains of a Celtic *oppidum*, with rectangular houses having a central pillar and surrounded by a ditch and a rampart. Moreover, hundreds of brooches of local origin, thousands of sherds of native and Greek pottery, had proved the economic importance of the place. In this archaeological context the Vix tomb found its natural significance.

The Vix tumulus measured about 136 feet in diameter, and must have been thirteen feet high. It had been

demolished by the Gallo-Romans, who seem to have used it as a stone-quarry for rebuilding an adjoining road. At the centre of it a sepulchral pit—ten feet square—had been dug into the earth. It was what we call a chariot-grave, often found in Hallstattian barrows of the second period, as, for instance, at Sainte-Colombe. In the middle of the pit, on a dismantled chariot the four wheels of which were leaning against the east wall, a dead princess had been laid. She was not older, as far as could be judged from her teeth, than thirty or thirty-five. She wore wrist and ankle bangles in bronze or schist, bracelets and necklaces of amber beads, and seven safety-pin brooches, some of them studded with coral. But her skull lay on a golden diadem, which was one of the two marvels of the tomb: from its weight, more than a pound, and the delicate workmanship of the two minute winged horses chased at both ends, it is generally considered to have been imported.

Nearby, on the other side, were the usual utensils for cooking food, as well as the accustomed vessels for carrying, mixing, or drinking wine,

three bronze cauldrons or basins, a water jug, and, also of bronze, a magnificent wine-drinking vessel—what the Greeks called a *krater*—and, resting on its lid, three cups, one of silver with a golden knob in the centre, and the two others Greek pottery of the well-known black-figured type, exactly dated to about 530 B.C.

But the bronze *krater* claims all our attention, with its unique dimensions and, still more, the perfection of its relief decoration. Nearly five feet high, it reminds us of the large jar in which Eurystaeus tried to hide himself from Hercules, while its enormous weight, 450 pounds, raises at once the bewildering problem of its transport. There are two voluted handles, each weighing 100 pounds, and with monumental Gorgon busts, flanked by snakes coiling and lions leaping. Around the rim, a frieze of exquisite bas-reliefs, riveted to the vessel, shows a procession of four-horse chariots with their drivers, all of admirable modelling, especially in the varied attitudes of the horses; it reminds us of the most famous masterpieces of Greek sculpture, for instance, the Treasury of the Siphnians at Delphi. Finally, on top of the lid, a small feminine statuette is fixed, which at first was judged more archaic or coarse than the work on the frieze, but on closer scrutiny has proved itself to be by the same hand.

By what strange hazard, you may ask, did all these Greek or Italo-Greek wonders come to be buried among jewels of refined taste but of local origin, in the tomb of a barbarian Princess of Burgundy? Their appearance would have astonished and excited us on any archaeological site in Greece or Italy. But the import of Mediterranean ware in Hallstattian countries is not an isolated fact. I have already mentioned the tripod of Sainte-Colombe, in the immediate vicinity of Vix. Not far from there, at Courcelles-en-Montagne, near Langres, two Greek bronze vessels, a stamnos and a cantharus, have been found. Two Etruscan stamnoi and two Celtic flagons, from Thionville, are now to be admired in the British Museum. And there are many other examples of this penetration of Greek art north of the Alps—the celebrated hydria from Grächen near Bern in Switzerland, and oenochoës from Witzingen and Kappel in south Germany.

The Celtic empire was then at the height of its power; its mythical traditions spoke of the expeditions and conquests of Bellovesus and Segovesus. The Celts were, in fact, already in close touch with the Etruscans in Italy, and Etruscans had initiated them into the refinements of Mediterranean civilisation. They could well afford to buy such works of art, especially if, as has been supposed, Mediterranean trade was then interested in forcing its passage along a new commercial road. We are just at the time when the Greeks had been expelled from their prosperous markets in Asia Minor. The history of the beginning

of the sixth century shows a general transfer of their economic aims from east to west. So there is no difficulty in the suggestion that the Celtic centres of Hallstattian culture were visited by Greek or Etruscan brokers who tried to conquer new markets for their productions or to find raw materials. It may be that Burgundy was a halting-place on the road to the tin resources of Wales, and that the Vix treasure was the toll paid by these merchants to the tribes who controlled this road.

So the transport must have been made, not, as might have been thought, by sea to Marseille and then up the Rhône: in fact, Massilian imports do not seem to have extended farther than the Durance. But they must have come through the Alpine passes, which, from time immemorial, have been used for conveying merchandise. According to certain versions of the Argonauts legend, it was along this road from the Adriatic sea to the high valleys of the Rhône and the Rhine that Jason had made his way in search of the Golden Fleece. Apollonios of Rhodes, the poet, mentions his passing by 'the stormy lakes which stretch into the Celtic country'—which means the lakes of Switzerland—and tells us how, 'hidden by a cloud, the Argonauts could go unseen through the numerous tribes of the Celts'. Still later, under the Roman Empire, inscriptions show how a corporation of cisalpine and transalpine business men, the *Corpus Cisalpinorum et Transalpinorum negotiatorum*, with agencies in Lyons, Milan, and Avenches, used to carry Italian ware on Lake Como and then northward through Bregenz, or through the Grand Saint-Bernard to the Rhône valley, where the *nautae* of Lake Léman took them to Lausanne, and then they reached Orbe, Besançon, and Burgundy.

Where did these objects, and particularly, where did this *krater*, come from? To the problem of its precise origin, no definite answer has yet been brought. The Hellenists have decided that, since it is a masterpiece, it must be purely Greek, and they authoritatively brush off the shy pretensions of other Mediterranean centres, Etruscan, Campanian, or Sicilian. In fact, one must keep in mind that the Vix *krater* is not entirely isolated in Greek art. It has a minor analogue, two and a half feet only in height, but of the same pattern: a *krater* found in Yugoslavia at Trebenische, and that came from Greece itself. An approach to solution has been lately opened by the discovery, at the back of each figure of the frieze, and on the corresponding place on the rim, of a series of Greek letters to facilitate the correct joining and setting of this frieze. They seem to belong to an alphabet of the so-called western type, which was used in Tarentum or Syracuse. But the matter is still discussed by archaeologists with all the eagerness of scientific passion.—*Third Programme*

The Alpine World of the Eighteen-Fifties

By RONALD W. CLARK

I DOUBT if there are many modern climbers who take a personal valet with them as far up the mountain as possible; who take their pet dogs on difficult 'first ascents'; and who judge most of their own actions—and other people's—by the stern moral standards of the question 'Is it right?' Edward Shirley Kennedy, one of the founders of the Alpine Club, did all three. Like Hinchliff, Alfred Wills, the Mathews, and the other men who helped to found the sport of mountaineering 100 years ago, Kennedy moved in an Alpine world that was different from our own in two ways.

In the first place, there were the physical differences many of which will be obvious even to those who have only a slight knowledge of climbing. Little was really known about the world above the snow-line; maps of the country below it were for many areas either non-existent or of only random accuracy. The first explorers of the Dauphiné, the mountain group at the western end of the Alpine chain, were forced to use Bourcet's map of the seventeen-fifties—a map drawn only a few years after the days of Scheuchzer, a gentleman who had seriously listed the various species of dragons to be found in the Alps. In the days of the Victorian mountaineers it was sometimes quite as difficult to find your mountain as to climb it; and if you crossed a new pass, there was often an exciting uncertainty about just what valleys you would see stretching out thousands of feet beneath

you. The few miles of railway line then laid in Switzerland did not reach the mountain zone. There were few paths, no club huts, and, above the summer pastures, an untouched landscape which few human beings had even seen.

Yet it was not merely this lack of physical knowledge—the lack of what we might now call 'facilities'—which made the climate of the Victorian climbing world so different from our own. Even more important was the different outlook with which men such as Tyndall and Hora and Ames and a score of others approached the mountains.

It would not be fair to claim that the Victorian amateurs really believed in the lingering superstitions of the previous century, in those legends of 'air too rarefied to support life' and of 'avalanches started by the human voice'. They did not believe of the Matterhorn 'that there hung about it an invisible cordon up to which one might go', as Whymper put it, 'and beyond which there lived the Wandering Jew and the spirits of the damned'. They did not quite believe that. Yet through much of the careful Victorian prose in which such men as Tyndall and Wills and the rest of them described their climbs there runs a sense of awe that is, in some ways, the nineteenth-century counterpart of those eighteenth-century legends.

Many of the pioneers saw themselves, in fact, as treading into a sacred reserve where they must watch not only their steps but their

words and even their thoughts. Old Balmat, telling Wills on the Wetterhorn that he must not speak in a loud voice—'one never knows what will happen here'—was not, fundamentally, so different from the Rev. Hereford George, the first editor of the *Alpine Journal*, for whom climbing was, among other things, one method of seeing at work 'the law within the law'. One went carefully, not with an air of trespass exactly, but in the belief that one was here on sufferance, living magnificently maybe, but, as one modern climbing-guide writer says of a difficult pitch, 'on the edge of all things'. To put it another way, almost all the Victorian climbers had a healthy respect for the mountains, and approached them with an air if not of reverence at least of wonder.

One says 'all' the Victorian climbers, but there were, of course, astonishingly few of them judged by present standards. Just how few, it is a little difficult to say, although the Alpine Club could claim less than ninety members on its first birthday, a figure that probably covered all the regular climbers of the day as well as many others. Perhaps a better indication of the small number of people to be met in the high Alps is given by George in some of his reminiscences. He recalls that during the eighteen-sixties he carried out fifty-six expeditions above the snowline, and that his party met other

according to one eyewitness, 'hung from head to foot' with scientific apparatus that included thermometers, barometers, and a sypsiometer. Even Whymper at first went to the Alps mainly to draw, and at the height of his fame was making dozens of sketches on every holiday as well as climbing almost dozens of peaks.

Another point which strikes one in looking back at the Alpine world of a century ago is the lack of specialised clothes or equipment. Wills went up the Wetterhorn in an old pair of grey flannels; John Ball regularly strapped a Scottish plaid and an umbrella to the top of his knapsack and often used a small geological hammer as an improvised ice-axe. The Victorians went up the Alps, in fact, very much as they would go for a stroll across the countryside at home. They had none of the beautiful—and expensive—gadgets that one can buy today, and an ample supply of porters and the money to pay for them can hardly have made up for the deficiency.

It was the women who went farthest in the specialised clothing line, and numerous efforts were made to combine crinolined modesty with the freedom that was needed on the mountainside. Mrs. Cole, who travelled extensively above the snowline in the eighteen-fifties, had one bright idea: 'Small rings should be sewn inside the seam of the dress, and a cord passed through them, the ends of which should be knotted together in such a way that the whole dress may be drawn up at a moment's notice, to the height required', she recommended; adding that 'a riding skirt, without a body, which can be slipped off and on in a moment, is also invaluable'.

The 'slipping on and off' school, which believed in the use of breeches, had its opponents, one of whom was Lucy Walker, the first woman to climb the Matterhorn and the first Englishwoman to climb extensively in the Alps. She was always fond of telling how one woman climber, having made the first ascent of a certain peak, taunted a distinguished mountaineer with his earlier claim that no woman could climb it. 'No, madam', he replied, 'I said "No lady"'.

There were more women climbers than one might have expected in mid-Victorian times. There was Emmeline Lewis-Lloyd, brought up at Nantgwyllt, the great house that was swamped when the Elan Dam was built to supply Birmingham with water. There was Miss Stratton, a spinster with £4,000 a year coming in, who married her guide and who lived happy ever after; and, perhaps the



Christian Almer, one of the greatest of Alpine guides, in 1885, when he was fifty-nine

climbers on only three of them. Another instance that he gives not only illustrates the small number of Victorian mountaineers but also throws an interesting light on the way in which the pioneers regarded their ascents. While George and A. W. Moore were on the Monch, in the Bernese Oberland, another party was making the third successful ascent of the nearby Eiger, and George and his guide, the great Christian Almer, discussed making the ascent of the Eiger themselves the following day. Finally they decided against it. 'We had separately come to the conclusion', says George, 'that it would be bad form to make use of other men's steps'.

In those days it was, of course, far easier to come back a fortnight later, for the six- or eight-week holiday appears to have been the rule rather than the exception. This explains, not only the unhurried approach to the whole business of mountaineering, but also the fact that climbers could mix so many other activities with their arduous mountain exploration. F. J. A. Hort, who was one of the original members of the Alpine Club, mingled mentally strenuous courses of religious reading with his Alpine holidays. John Ball, the first President of the Club, botanised extensively; Francis Fox Tuckett, a man who built up, next to the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, one of the longest lists of Alpine ascents ever made, went about his mountaineering,



Edward Whymper in 1865, the year of the first ascent of the Matterhorn by the north-east arête, when he was twenty-five



Group taken in the late eighteen-sixties, with Miss Emmeline Lewis-Lloyd at the extreme left, and Miss Stratton third from the right

most interesting of them all, there was Meta Brevoort, the aunt of W. A. B. Coolidge, the Alpine historian. It was Miss Brevoort—who, incidentally, climbed in trousers on at least one occasion—who danced a quadrille with her guides on the top of Mont Blanc, and then, in the days of the Second Empire be it remembered, insisted on singing the 'Marseillaise'.

Miss Brevoort, an American woman who brought her nephew to Europe in the early eighteen-sixties and who never returned to the States, had two great Alpine ambitions. One was to be the first woman on the top of the Matterhorn, an ambition which was frustrated when the news of her plans reached Francis Walker, who with his daughter Lucy, and Frederick Gardiner, was waiting at Zermatt for an opportunity of climbing the peak. Miss Brevoort's consolation was to make, a few days after the Walkers' ascent, the first woman's traverse of the mountain, up the Swiss side and down the Italian. Her second great hope was to be the first woman on the Meije, the great rock peak of the Dauphiné. In this also she failed, the laurels going in the eighteen-eighties to Kathleen Richardson, the brown-haired, green-eyed English girl of whom the guides said: 'She does not eat and she walks like the devil'.

Most of Miss Brevoort's mountaineering was done after 1865, the year in which the Matterhorn was first climbed—by Whymper's party of seven men, four of whom were killed on the descent. She lived, therefore, through the aftermath of that frightful accident which threw a shadow over the whole Alpine world. As a result of the catastrophe, said Coolidge, English climbers, 'few in numbers, all knowing each other personally, shunning the public as far as possible (and in those days it was possible to do so), went about under a sort of dark shade, looked on with scarcely disguised contempt by the world of ordinary travellers'.

I have left until now almost all mention of Edward Whymper, the one British survivor of the Matterhorn tragedy. He is the one Victorian mountaineer of whom almost everybody has heard, yet he was, in many ways, totally dissimilar from his companions. He therefore gives one

an idea of what the Victorian climbing world must have been like not only through the pages of his stupendous book but also through those things which set him apart, as it were, from the other members of the Alpine Club.

In Whymper's *Scrambles in the Alps* you can, even today, hear the thunder of the falling rocks. You can gather from his remarks, often contemptuous remarks, something of the awe in which the mountains were still regarded by the climbers of his times. You can learn, from his stories of rough bivouacs on the mountainside, of long walks which are now short railway journeys, something of the sheer physical difficulties of travel which conditioned mountaineering in the Alps about 100 years ago. Yet Whymper himself was in many ways the antithesis of the Victorian climber. 'He was resolved to do the Matterhorn', wrote F. J. A. Hort, a fellow member of the Alpine Club who was in Switzerland at the time of the great accident, 'and equally resolved, when that was done, to give up mountaineering because there were no more new great mountains to be conquered'.

Most of the men who helped to found the sport of mountaineering climbed for totally different reasons. Wills on the Wetterhorn felt, he said, 'as in the more immediate presence of Him who had reared this tremendous pinnacle'. Hereford George believed not only that 'beyond all law rises the supreme will of the Almighty law-giver' but also that 'familiarity with the wonders of the Alps is among the best means of originating and deepening such impressions'. Leslie Stephen saw the mountains as representing 'the indomitable force of nature to which we are forced to adapt ourselves'.

Most of the Victorians who climbed mountains did so, in fact, because they believed that they could thus gain a deeper insight into the wonders of the universe—they enjoyed themselves, of course, but that search into the unexplained mysteries was one of the main driving forces behind their actions. Whymper climbed as part of man's growing conquest of the universe. Those two approaches to the mountain illustrate, perhaps, the most important differences between the Victorian climbing world and our own.—*Third Programme*

'A Library Cormorant'

GEORGE WHALLEY on Samuel Taylor Coleridge

IN one of his earliest passages of self-analysis, Coleridge said of himself: 'I am, and ever have been, a great reader, and have read almost everything—a library cormorant. I am *deep* in all out of the way books . . .'. He was twenty-four at the time, and there is some pardonable exaggeration in what he wrote. In any case, he went on reading for the rest of his life. But it is the quality of Coleridge's reading, rather than its scope or curiosity, that makes it worth study. His guiding principle was: 'Always to suppose myself ignorant of a writer's understanding, until I understand his ignorance'. His great gift was to be able to identify himself with an author, so that he could discern the writer's intention, below the opaque surface of the words. It did not seem to matter what kind of book it was. A note written in December 1804, during the terrible months he spent in Malta, shows the finely adjusted, alert affinity he could establish with a book:

It is often said that books are companions. They are so—dear, very dear companions! But I often, when I read a book that delights me . . . feel a pang that the author is not present, that I cannot *object* to him this and that, express my sympathy and gratitude for this part and mention some facts that . . . overset a second, start a doubt about a third, or confirm and carry [forward] a fourth thought. At times I become restless, for my nature is very social.

But the question arises: Is there anything important to be said about Coleridge's reading since Lowes published *The Road to Xanadu*? That book is a pioneer work of first importance. But he says that it is 'a study in the ways of the imagination' rather than a study of Coleridge: and certain defects of emphasis occur which were inherent in Lowes' purpose. He over-emphasises the importance of books as sources of Coleridge's poetic inspiration; he concentrates upon a limited period, and within that period only upon a limited range of Coleridge's urgent preoccupations; he makes too much of the quantity and curiosity of

Coleridge's reading, and so fails to recognise the importance of compendious works, contemporary periodicals, and other current sources of information which were neither exotic nor recondite. Coleridge himself had said in March 1801:

I had read a multitude of out of the way books, Greek, Latin, and German [and some French]; and there are men who gain the reputation of a wide erudition by consuming that Time in reading Books obsolete and of no character, which other men employ in reading those which everybody reads—but I should be sorry to detect in myself this silly vanity.

He allowed that the magpie was a very *clever* bird; but it was a cormorant (in his own poem) that sat under the Tree of Knowledge. And the cormorant is notable, not only for his omnivorous appetite, but also for his flawless digestion. More remarkable than any alleged curiosity of reading (and some of that must be allowed) Coleridge's flair was for singling out the minute germinal hint, whose virtue is 'all in its needle-like quality, the power to penetrate as finely as possible'.

If much of the detail of Coleridge's reading could be reconstructed, I thought, there would be ample evidence for the workings of that 'capacious and systematising mind'. In compiling an account of all his reading, I found that the marginalia were of unique importance in showing him in the 'quotidian undress of his mind'. It might be possible then to delineate not simply the poetic imagination but the imagination in its fullest sense—'that synthetic and magical power . . . [which] brings the whole soul of man into activity'. For Coleridge was philosopher, psychologist, critic, theologian, political thinker, and amateur scientist, as well as poet. Or rather (as I think) he was poet in all those characters.

Shortly after his death there was published an impressive quantity of his marginalia. But the early editors were afflicted with a pious

desire to vindicate a man whose work they felt had been neglected, and they tended to print only those fragments of the master's work that would support their claim to his greatness. Furthermore, through editorial light-heartedness (we should now call it irresponsibility, but it was not that) they did not hesitate to smooth, correct, and delete—sometimes to the destruction of sense and often with a blurring of style. To examine the books in which these marginalia were written was a surprising experience. It was like moving into Coleridge's presence, watching him at work when he was not aware that anybody was watching. And it became clear that something essential to our understanding of Coleridge would emerge if all his books could be identified and examined: for only parts of the marginal notes have been published.

Reconstructing Coleridge's Library

By using a little elementary detective work I found it possible to pick out the lines along which his books and his friends' books had been dispersed, to reconstruct his library in part, to identify books individually, and to find where some of them were. The term 'annotated book' I found too rigid; and the net was spread to find all the 'marked books'—that is, books that Coleridge had written *anything* in, and the books given to him with presentation inscriptions. His poverty made his library small and rather arbitrary. I doubt whether he ever owned much more than 1,500 titles; and these were never in one place at any one time. There have now been identified some 800 of his marked books, and another 170 marked copies of his own works. The whereabouts of about half of these are known.

When he could not possess books, he borrowed them—from libraries when they were at hand, and always from friends. His library borrowings increase our knowledge of his reading by about 100 titles—but that is a separate inquiry. His friends were usually generous and long-suffering. Occasionally, there was an outcry. Coleridge would then 'eat atoning mutton' with Charles Lamb, or write a letter of outraged innocence to John Murray, or (if pressed) admit that he had *once* been guilty of keeping Sotheby's folio Petrarch for about thirteen years—but that was through a lapse of memory and the obtuseness of his womenfolk. It was difficult to deny a man whose need was so urgent and guileless. Sometimes he would repay his debt by annotating the book at the owner's request. But sometimes he wrote notes in borrowed books, and the owner was not pleased. If possible, all these books should be recovered, even the ones that bear only his signature or initials.

Coleridge's practice of annotating books started late in 1802, though a few marked books and sets of proofs are of earlier date than that. The earlier marginalia are usually terse and exclamatory. The 1802 notes in Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*, later given to Sara Hutchinson, have a deep personal undertone characteristic of many of the earliest marked books. And many of the earliest notes refer more directly to his intimate concerns than to the text of the books they are written in. We can see him, for example, trying to communicate to Sara Hutchinson his own discriminating enjoyment; and his annotated copy of Browne's *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* flowers, at the moment of presentation, into a long letter, partly personal, partly critical, addressed to her. Some of the most important books used at an early date were not annotated at all, but bear only his initials or name—seldom with a date of acquisition. Sometimes the *absence* of annotation is eloquent. A few books contain poems and two books have drafts of his own epitaph written in them. Many of his books have notes almost of essay length written on the fly-leaves and end-papers, or running through page after page of the text written in the head and foot margins. He might jot down on the end-paper of a book a list of items to be taken to Ramsgate on holiday, or a note to a friend in the middle of conversation asking to be left alone with his other two guests. But although marked books have been found to represent almost every year from 1802 onwards, sustained annotation is unusual before 1807; and the most profuse running commentaries belong to the Highgate years—1816 onwards.

From the earlier to the later years, his interests may change and his style changes; but the motive does not alter. For the marginalia were self-communings—not criticisms nor decisions, but a history of my impressions, and, for the great part, of my first impressions'. Some of his books he read and annotated repeatedly—Shakespeare, Milton, Kant, Boehme, Jeremy Taylor, Fuller, Baxter, Schelling, Tennemann—with notes on notes, corrections of earlier readings, confirmations of first guesses. 'P.S.', he wrote in Tennemann's *History of Philosophy*:

I found on turning the leaf, that I have *wronged* Tennemann from not reading thro' the remainder of the paragraph before I answered it.... But the comment has its own value; and as Tennemann brought it upon himself by the crassness of all his preceding Glosses, I am not sorry that I have written it.

Or in Schubert's *Naturwissenschaft*:

Second Postscriptum, 4 August 1818. I am glad, I have reperused this work. For tho' I have not found one reason to annul any of my former particular objections, yet I find more merit to counterbalance them than from the glaringness of the Faults I had been able to see and appreciate in the first perusal.

Occasionally he addressed a possible reader with a warning to read certain notes first—'lest perchance I should lead him into errors from which I have [now] extricated myself'. He could make generous allowances, even when enraged; but outbursts of disgust—sometimes jocular, sometimes bitter—are not unusual. 'I cut open this book October 1, 1803', he wrote in Paullinus' disquisition upon the worminess of death, 'the leaves having remained uncut an exact century, 8 years of the time in my possession. It is verily and indeed a Book of Maggots'. 'What vile trash', he writes in one of Herder's books; 'O blasphemy! ... this semi-demi-quavering Book'. And in Jung's book on ghosts:

It is perhaps necessary, that the same total quantity of Folly should exist in all ages; but differently distributed. If so, I should fairly infer, that all the Hum-drummery of all the old Grannams of the preceding Century had been condensed into this credulous cock-sure Dotard of a Ghost-monger.

The earliest known marginal note on Kant—on the *Grundlegung*—written only about two years after what seems to have been his first attentive reading, shows how he could disagree without ever losing his profound admiration for Kant's mind:

But Kant, and all his School, are miserable Reasoners, in Psychology, and particular morals—and analysts of aught but Notions, equally clumsy in the illustration and application of their Principles—so much indeed as often to shake my Faith in their general System.

Characteristic in a different way is this note in Schelling's *von den göttlichen Dingen* of 1812; for it shows him making a direct moral judgement of a thinker with whose work he had shown sympathy in the *Biographia*.

In addition to the harsh quarrelsome and vindictive Spirit that displays itself [here] ... there is a Jesuitical dishonesty in various parts that makes me dread almost to think of Schelling. I remember no man of anything like his Genius and Intellectual Vigor so serpentine and unamiable.

As the years advanced, Coleridge's need for intellectual intercourse and sympathy deepened, but was persistently unsatisfied. The marginalia became so much an extension of himself—personal, written for no eye but his own—that the dividing line between the marked books and the *Notebooks* is often an arbitrary one: at times he moves back and forth from one to the other without noticeable change of style or intention. An interleaved volume or a special notebook for intentional 'Marginalia' inhibited his spontaneous impulse, and he left them almost untouched. But the cramped margins and empty spaces of a book acted as a stimulus and guide to his thought. And he wrote there, as he did in the *Notebooks*, 'far more unconscious that I am writing, than in most earnest modes of talk [I am conscious of talking]'. Intimate, self-revealing, reflective, critical, appraising, exploratory, playful, contemptuous—the notes flowed year after year from his pen.

Personal Notes

Some moving personal notes are preserved. A 'map of the road to Paradise drawn in Purgatory on the Confines of Hell by S.T.C.—July 30, 1819' is written in Barry Cornwall's *Poems*. In one of Fichte's books there is a draft poem and a note on love and time:

the two lovers hung over each other
as fearfully, as lovingly,
as the half-open'd and yet opening leaves
of the Moss-Rose—
Stole over her heart
Soft as the pearly fleeces of the Neon
over the Islets of blue sky in Autumn.

Intensity and extensity [are] combinable by blessed Spirits—Hence it is, that Lovers in their finite state, incapable of fathoming the intensity of their feelings, help the thought out by extension ... and thus think the passion as wide in time as it is deep in essence—Hence (they say) Thine for ever!

(continued on page 400)

NEWS DIARY

September 1-7

Wednesday, September 1

Cabinet meets to consider situation arising from French rejection of E.D.C. Treaty. Federal German Government announces main aims of future foreign policy
Preliminary talks on south-east Asian defence treaty open at Manila
Colonel Armas becomes President of Guatemala

Thursday, September 2

British Ambassador in Paris sees M. Mendès-France. British High Commissioner in Germany meets Dr. Adenauer
General Council of T.U.C. reaffirms its support for German rearmament
Mr. Attlee makes a statement in Hong Kong about his visit to China
Nuffield Foundation to investigate effects of television on children

Friday, September 3

French Cabinet is reorganised after resignation of three Ministers
Chinese Communists bombard Quemoy near Formosa
French woman diplomatic official, formerly stationed in Canberra, is arrested
Labour Party delegation arrives in Tokyo

Saturday, September 4

Dr. Adenauer in a broadcast demands full national sovereignty for the German Federal Republic
The Ministry of Supply publishes a statement about the future of the Comet aircraft
Mr. Dulles recalls, after arrival in Manila, that the U.S. Seventh Fleet has orders to protect Formosa

Sunday, September 5

U.S. naval aircraft is shot down over Sea of Japan
Twenty-eight persons drowned when Dutch airliner crashes in river near Shannon airport.

Monday, September 6

President Eisenhower states that the U.S.A. and six other western nations are to form an international agency to foster the peaceful uses of atomic energy
Conference on south-east Asian defence opens in Manila
Consultations take place with a view to holding a nine-power conference on German rearmament in London

Tuesday, September 7

Two private sessions of south-east Asian conference are held in Manila. Good progress on drawing up treaty is reported
Chinese nationalists state that they have made attacks on Amoy
Mr. Attlee arrives in Australia



Dr. E. D. Adrian, O.M., giving the presidential address to the inaugural meeting of the British Association in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, on September 1. The 116th annual meeting of the Association was attended by 3,000 scientists and others. At one of the sectional meetings Sir John Cockcroft, Director of the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell, said that Britain was making good progress in developing atomic energy for peaceful purposes



Princess Alexandra presenting a cup to Trumpeter at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, during her tour of Canada. Duchess of Kent

Brigadier General Christian de Castries (left) who commanded the French defence at Dien Bien Phu, being greeted by the commander of the French ground forces in north Viet-Nam on September 3. General de Castries had just been released by the Viet-Minh who took him prisoner after the surrender of the fortress

Right: the annual display of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors opened at Farnborough on September 6. The Comet III (front) and Comet II are taking part in the display. During the week-end the Minister of Supply announced that he hoped that the production of the Comets would be resumed before long



Churchill inspecting No. 615 (Ye) Squadron Royal Auxiliary Fighter Squadron at Biggin Hill last Sunday. The trophy for being the most auxiliary fighter squadrons



Mrs. A. F. Smith at the Canadian Embassy in Canada with her mother, the



The seventh national exhibition of children's art opened in London last week. Above is a painting called 'The Footballers' by a seven-year-old, Michael Walker of Glenfield County Infants' School, Leicester



Left: South Lighthouse on the Shetland Island of Fair Isle. This island, which is famous for its bird observatory, has been acquired by the National Trust for Scotland with the aid of a grant from the Dulverton Trust. The former owner of the island was Mr. George Waterston, an Edinburgh ornithologist. The National Trust announces that it hopes to establish a permanent foundation for the further expansion of research into migratory bird life and to ensure more security for the inhabitants of this remote, rocky island. The present population of the island is forty-five persons



Mr. John Foster Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State (right) shaking hands with Senator Ramon Magsaysay, President of the Philippines, on his arrival in Manila on September 3. Mr. Dulles went to attend the conference on south-east Asian defence which opened on Monday. The British delegation was led by Lord Reading, Minister of State at the Foreign Office



The scene at Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, during the hurricane which swept New England last week. New York missed its full force but Long Island suffered considerable damage from wind which reached 100 miles an hour and from torrential rain. The Long Island railway was disrupted and flooding in New London and Providence caused a state of emergency to be declared in those cities. Most of suburban Boston was without electricity and several of the stately elms on Boston Common were swept away

(continued from page 397)

There are curiosities, too. He rejects scornfully Nehemiah Grew's suggestion that the moon may be inhabited: 'Must all possible Planets be lousy? None exempt from the *Morbus pedicularis* of our verminous man-becrawled Earth?' In Eichhorn's *Commentary on the Apocalypse* he reflects—not for the first time—upon the poor quality of paper in his German books:

I have had, for years, the first volume, among my odd books and should have so filled the Margins before this time, that it would have been fairly worth the 10½ blood-drops wrung from the pinched Hippocratic Nose of my Poverty (10s. 6d.) to any Friend of mine of an Apocalyptic Turn—but the villainous paper, the spongy Goodwin Sands, that would suck in a gallon of ink-wit, baffled every attempt tho' you may still see sundry black wrecks hulking shapeless in the margins.

There is another note on Eichhorn that may have a moral for our own times:

The shallow Morality of Paley, Garve, Faber, and others, which Kant crushed with elephantine feet, and the constitutional lack of all religious sensibility, fitted Eichhorn admirably for the Scavenger Office of removing Rubbish, but—in short, Scavengers are not Architects!

And it is agreeable to know that he had met a naval officer (he gives the name) who saw a sea-monster so big that the ship took ten-and-a-half minutes to sail past it at six knots.

And there are passages of unintentional self-revelation, too. In John Park's *Conservative Reform* he wrote:

We are all, the best of us, imperfect mortals, more or less laden

with sins, and sin-begotten infirmities. If we deemed no one worthy the name and duties of a Friend, but one who in no part of his conduct and character gave grounds for regret or blame, Friendship could have no existence on earth....

And in Schlegel's *Gedichte*:

God prevents us from having any vivid pre-experience of the consequences of our actions, in order to preserve us, in some measure, [as] free-agents—Else, if the Youth could have given to him not merely the knowledge . . . but the feelings accompanying the actual experience, of Unchastity, Intemperance, etc., and above all the almost fiendish Tyranny of an evil habit; it would be so impossible for him to err, as to render his life not that for which he was manifestly intended . . . a *Life of Probation*.

In 1820 Coleridge said of his writing that

The main portion of my harvest [including the marginalia] is still on the ground, ripe indeed, and only waiting, few for the sickle, but a large part only for sheaving, and carting, and housing.

He was to live and write for more than twelve years longer; but he never brought in that harvest—all the sustained reflection, the self-revelations, the elaborate folly, the sensitive, searching criticism, the petulance and prejudice, the sorrowful notes of despair, the unfulfilled plans that every writer has, the delight of coming upon some neglected fellow-spirit who has been dead three centuries perhaps; the pedantic hesitations and quibbles and speculations that were pressing towards a synthesis he never in the end achieved. All this needs to be at least housed, and probably sheaved as well, if we are ever to understand the inquiring, myriad-minded, suffering person that Coleridge was.

—Third Programme

Symbol and Religion

By GERALD VANN, O.P.

ONE of the signs of fatigue and decay, in a civilisation as in an individual, is the loss of the sense of wonder; for wonder is the precondition of wisdom as it is the precondition of poetry. As Dr. Josef Pieper points out, 'A man who needs the unusual to make him wonder shows that he has lost the capacity to find the true answer to the wonder of being'. Our world is rich in rational—and especially in scientific—knowledge; but reason is only one function of the psyche, essential but far from sufficient. We have gained immensely in our knowledge about things; what we have lost to a great extent is direct, intuitive knowledge of things and communion with them: as Guardini puts it, we have lost our 'living contact with real things'; we 'no longer perceive the message of things'; we see them now only 'in the light of brute matter, as objects of pursuit and possession, of commerce or research'.

The message of things is a double one. They have in general the power to lead us, if we are responsive to them, beyond themselves to a reality other and greater than themselves, through those 'intimations' of which, for instance, Vaughan, Traherne, Wordsworth tell us. But they also have their own particular message to impart to us inasmuch as they are symbols. And it is this sense of the symbolic that we have so largely lost; and the loss cuts us off from an understanding of reality and from a wisdom which cannot be acquired in any other way. For a symbol is irreducible: you can explain a good deal about its meaning, but you cannot exactly translate its content into rational terms. To paraphrase a poem is to destroy it; for the poem does not exist to teach you something about something else: it is there in its own right, a mystery into which you enter. And, if you enter, it is not only your reason that is enriched.

The scientist, the philosopher, the theologian, can understand and reason about the realities with which they are concerned without necessarily falling in love with those realities. The poet, the mystic, love first and then, through their love, come to understand: theirs is a *connaissance toute cordiale*, which engages the whole personality, and you cannot fully express it in rational terms. You cannot express the Inexpressible. Let me put it this way: Christians do not believe in a creed, they believe in the reality behind the creed, the reality about which the creed states certain facts in so far as human language can state them. The formulation is essential; but it is not sufficient. The dry bones must live; and it is symbol that helps them to live.

Take, for instance, the problem of evil—which we should do better, following St. Paul, to call the mystery of evil. Is it possible to find an adequate explanation of it? Reason can do a great deal: it can go a long way towards solving the problem: a long way but not the whole way, for the problem still at the end remains a mystery. But at the point where reason ceases to throw light upon a mystery, another mystery, a symbol, may throw more light. One of the great universal symbols of humanity is that of the dark waters, the dark journey through death to life, the pattern, it would seem, of all reality as we know it. The sun dies in the evening, sinking down into the dark waters of the sea, to be born again the next morning; the year dies in the winter, to be reborn in the spring; the joy of falling in love (*amor*) is followed by the darkness of sorrow, of misunderstanding, in order to be transformed into the deeper love which is perfect union (*dilectio*); God made man, weighed down by all the sins and sorrows of mankind, dies and goes down into the darkness that there may be the new glory of resurrection: God made man weeps over Jerusalem. *Sunt lacrimae rerum*; and if that were all, life would be only tragedy; but *sunt lacrimae Christi*, there are the tears of Christ, and so the world is renewed.

O truly blessed night, which alone deserved to know
The time and hour when Christ arose from hell!
This is the night of which it was written:
The night shall be enlightened as the day,
The night to be my light in my delights.
The holiness of this night banishes crime,
Cleanses from sin, restores innocence to fallen man,
And brings back gladness to sorrowing humanity.
This is the night bringing enmity to naught,
Inspiring peace among nations, and humbling the mighty.

Those lines are from the liturgy of the Easter Vigil, where first the fire is blessed, then the baptismal water. In blessing the font the priest prays that the spirit of God may 'render this water fruitful for giving rebirth to mankind, that whosoever is sanctified in the stainless womb of this font may be born again as a new creature, and come forth as an offspring of heaven'; he prays that the water may 'become a living fountain, a water that regenerates, a stream that purifies'. He then breathes upon it in the form of a cross, praying: 'Do thou bless with thy mouth these pure waters, that, besides their natural power

for the cleansing of the body, they may also be effectual for the purifying of the soul'. Now he plunges the paschal candle into the water, symbolising its mystical fertilisation, and again breathes on it in the form of the Greek letter ψ which is the initial letter of the word for spirit, or life-giving principle, and prays that the power of the Holy Spirit may descend into the deepest being of the water and make its whole substance fruitful for bestowing spiritual rebirth. Oil and chrism are then poured into the water, and the final blessing invoked; the baptisms follow.

Buried in Baptism

So the Christian goes down the steps into the baptistry, into the waters, to be buried there, as St. Paul says, with Christ in his death so as to rise with him into life, the new life; and that is not an empty ritual once performed and then forgotten, but the pattern, ceaselessly renewed, of every Christian life, the pattern of the evolving drama of the whole creation which groans and is in travail until all things are restored in Christ. And those who are not content to reason about the pattern but live it, in their own lives and, by a real and vital participation, in the lives of their fellow-men and in the pain of the world, know in their hearts an answer which reason alone could never provide; and it is that which gives them their joy and their radiance in a world weighed down by pain and fear and sorrow.

The sun sinks down at night into the dark waters; but it is not only the sun's journey, it is the sun itself which is a symbol. Behind the material sun there is the Son of God, the *Sol salutis*, the divine Fire, the life-bringer, the light-bringer. It is in the form of fire that the divine presence is manifested in the Old Testament: in the burning bush, the pillar of fire in the desert, the flame and smoke on Sinai, in the visions of Ezekiel and Daniel. It is with fire that the Divine Wisdom identifies himself to Catherine of Siena: 'I am Fire, the acceptor of sacrifices'. 'God is love', we are told; and we could meditate all our lives on those three words—indeed, we ought to—and still we should have penetrated only the surface of their meaning. We might indeed have grossly misunderstood them: we might have sentimentalised them, have tried to domesticate God. If love is fire, at least we shall not be tempted to do that. Fire is ambivalent: it creates, it also destroys: it can be tender warmth or terrible heat. Think of the purity of God in terms of fire and you understand the words of Gerontius, suddenly and appallingly aware of his impurity:

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be.

You understand how purgatory, the divine crucible, so often depicted in terms of flame and torment, can be depicted also, in the history of the Venerable Bede, as a garden of delights, for the now unendurable dross is being burnt away.

The symbol occurs again and again in the writings of the mystics: the soul is a *scintilla Dei*, a spark thrown off by the Infinite Fire, created into separateness, and then gathered back again into union with it—but gathered back only when transformed, made incandescent. 'Every soul', says Ruysbroeck, 'is like a live coal, burned up by God on the heart of his infinite love'. Richard of St. Victor and many others use the image of the iron plunged into the fire till it becomes itself fire. When the Spirit came upon the Apostles at the first Pentecost to transform them, it was as fire that He came. What is a saint? 'He was a burning and a shining light', we are told of the Baptist: but he was not himself the light: the light, the fire, were received.

Holiness and Character

The soul is feminine to God. Character can be a man-made thing, but not holiness; and holiness is much more important than character. Certainly the soul is far from being purely passive: the fire will pursue you, it will not force you: it can do its transforming, recreative work only if you throw yourself into it, like Empedocles into the mouth of Etna. Essentially a saint is not a man who always keeps the moral law but a man who is on fire—though, since he is on fire, he will in fact keep the moral law which for him is the will, the pattern, of the fire. William Law voices a deep insight when he tells us of the temptation 'to keep all things quiet in us by outward forms and modes of religion'; the other temptation is to keep all things quiet in us by interpreting religion as a self-made and self-controlled task of self-improvement.

Christianity teaches us in two ways about God and about ourselves: through doctrine or dogma and through symbol. Doctrine is informative; symbol is formative. If you enter into the mystery of poetry or

music you will to some extent be formed by it; if you enter into the mystery of divine symbolism and live in it and give yourself to it, it will transform you in the depths of your being. The regenerative water, the strengthening oil, the bread and wine of God's prodigality, the wood of the tree which is at once the tomb of life and the womb of life, the fire which consumes and vitalises: these are not abstract ideas but living realities which in the end can transmute the soul from darkness into light.

Other ages and races learned unconsciously from their symbols; we, with our hypertrophy of the rational over the intuitive, of the masculine in us over the feminine, have to make a conscious effort to reintegrate ourselves into the symbol-life of humanity and into the fulfilment of that symbolism in Christianity. Primitive symbols show us humanity yearning for life; and Christ, in whom the symbol-pattern is fulfilled in historical fact, has come that we 'may have life, and have it more abundantly'. To enter fully into the Christian symbols is to live, here and now, in eternity as well as in time; it is also incidentally a restoration to temporal life of the depth and richness which is so easily lost: it is to enter again into living contact with real things; it is also to see and hear again the message of things. And if all that means for us, in our agnostic world, a great strengthening of faith, it also means for us in our sick and suffering world a great strengthening of hope.

Dante, in one of his most arresting metaphors, speaks of the eternal light which loves and smiles. We cannot make or unmake God; but we have in our hands the appalling power of deciding for ourselves how the divine presence shall, so to speak, impinge on us. Think of those first Christian believers who had seen the Son of God crucified and had forsaken Him: what must their state of mind have been? It is not really love that is terrible: it is we who make it terrible by making ourselves incompatible with it. If we have enough humility and courage to acknowledge our darkness, to go down into the waters of regeneration, to give ourselves without reserve to the divine process which purifies and transforms, then we ought not to fear: the Light will not blind us, the Fire will not shrivel us; for, as Christ told us, 'the man who listens to my words and puts his trust in Him who sent me enjoys eternal life . . . he has passed over already from death to life. . . . He who follows me can never walk in darkness . . . he will possess the light which is life'.—*Third Programme*

Among recent books of a devotional character are: *Early Fathers from the Philokalia, together with some writings of St. Abba Dorotheus, St. Isaac of Syria, and St. Gregory Palamas*, translated by E. Kadloubovsky and G. E. H. Palmer (Faber, 35s.); *Spiritual Perspectives and Human Facts*, by Frithjof Schuon (Faber, 21s.); *English Shrines and Sanctuaries*, by Christina Hole (Batsford, 15s.); *In the Shadow of the Mahatma: a Personal Memoir*, by G. D. Birla (Orient Longmans, 10s. 6d.). *The Tempest* has been added to the Arden Shakespeare edited by Frank Kermode, revised and reset and published by Methuen, price 16s.

The Toad

The crack in the rock split wide to our drill;
in a hollow round as a skull
was a still toad, held in unbreathing,
as if this cell
were sanctuary in the perpetual rock of grieving,

and we held back, as dust on the blurred skin
spread its grey stain,
thinking, 'the rock trapped him in his rainy leaping
to make this prison',
and held our hands to what was smally heaving,

as if with the sudden sun-slap some living will
had been brightly spilled
into the stiff bulk, watched the blink, and the fumbling
limbs that were limbs still
hop over the stone chips, roused to sky and stumbling,

and said, 'When small he was held by the hollow stone,
but, tranced, lived on:
life locked from the start in its one little room
can still burn strong,
hidden, have flame till what drill shall split the tomb?'

ROBIN SKELTON



Well up in textiles, Mrs. Buchan?

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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Case against Take-over Bids

Sir,—When I listened (alas! only to part) to Mr. Crosland's talk on take-over bids I was startled to find that he was advocating a limitation of dividends for reasons exactly the opposite of those put forward by *Challenge to Britain*. The Labour Party's official policy is that dividends must be limited because industry has insufficient funds for the capital development needed and therefore profits must be retained within industry to finance capital development instead of being paid-out to shareholders. Mr. Crosland says that industry can easily raise all the capital it needs and for that reason dividends can be limited as the stimulus of increasing dividends is not required for the raising of capital. This somewhat startling contradiction made me read, in THE LISTENER of September 2, 'The Case against Take-over Bids' with extreme care. Extreme care is necessary.

'We may find that policies... turn out to be self-defeating... because they... offend the sense of justice of the workers to the point where productivity begins to suffer'. But it is also possible that policies may be self-defeating because they offend the sense of justice of the savers to the point where thrift begins to suffer. It is the expansion of thrift between the thinking out of *Challenge to Britain* and Mr. Crosland's talk which has created the contradiction I have mentioned; is it not possible that a renewal of anti-capital measures like restriction of dividends will reverse this expansion of thrift?

'Remember that capital profits do not attract income-tax or surtax'. The bidders are almost always corporate bodies whose operations of this sort do attract tax. Mr. Clore operates normally through Princes Investments Ltd. and Mr. Samuel through Land Securities Investment Trust Ltd.

'The nominal owners are a fragmented, shifting, population, each holding only a fraction of the shares and continually in and out of different companies in accordance with the advice of their stockbroker or bank manager'. This seems to me to imply that the bulk of shareholders in quoted companies are continually buying and selling shares; I should like to know what evidence there is for this. Mr. Crosland's phraseology suggests to me that in a single twelve-month almost all, say ninety-five per cent., of the names on the Ordinary Register of Imperial Chemical Industries, Courtaulds, Vickers, and so on disappear and are replaced by new names. I should have thought that five per cent, or perhaps fifteen per cent, would be a much more likely proportion. And as Mr. Crosland likes to accept my figures when it suits him, I challenge him to authenticate his suggestion.

'The figures are well known: there are in all some 1,250,000 shareholders, or five per cent. of family units'. This estimate was put forward, very tentatively, by Professor C. F. Carter and myself in 1949; we thought our margin of error then was wide and we think that very considerable changes in the size of the shareholding population may have occurred in these last five years. 'This is surely a very small section of the population and of course it is by and large the wealthiest section'. My examination of registers when we were making this estimate suggested that there were many hundreds of thousands of

shareholders whose investment incomes were, by comparison with the wages of the average male employed in manufacturing industry, small.

'The only question is whether we wish to see dividends taking a larger share than they take today'. This is not the only question. We must ask where Mr. Crosland is leading us; and the answer must be to a world in which directors can neither increase the dividends they pay to shareholders nor sell the assets and liquidate the companies. It is a world in which directors would become irresponsible autocrats—and that is, of course, the world which socialists wish to see as it would improve so enormously their case for abolishing private enterprise and putting socialism in its place.

Finally, I have a word to say about the role of financial institutions and pension funds as buyers of Ordinary shares. Mr. Crosland describes them as 'in search, not of really enormous dividend yields, but of a steady yield somewhat above that obtainable on gilt-edged'. That may be what they are looking for; but take away the hopes of dividend increases and they have been able to buy steel shares on a seven per cent. basis. The War Loan three-and-a-half per cent. yields three-and-seven-eighths per cent.: surely this difference is significantly more than somewhat?

Cambridge

Yours, etc.,
A. G. ELLINGER

Tragedy and Religion

Sir,—I did not hear Mr. Raphael's talk on 'Tragedy and Religion' but I hope that the report of it in THE LISTENER of September 2 will be widely discussed in groups and classes. It raises issues which have for too long been absent from our study of literature. The speaker no doubt meant to shock as well as to stimulate, and I for one was shocked. I do not understand how any student of either religion or tragedy can find in the Crucifixion 'no injustice and no waste of goodness'. And I am surprised if it is generally agreed that 'Shakespeare's tragedies rest on pagan assumptions'. But the examples from French classical tragedy are fascinating. Polyeucte would seem to me a tragic figure, not so much in his death, which as a martyr he welcomes, as in his blindness to the obligations of marriage. As a fanatic, he discards or ignores every social obligation, to Frenchmen, then surely as now, an unthinkable thing.

I agree that as a religious dramatist, Racine is more imposing and interesting than either Corneille or Milton. Athalie, as Mr. Raphael rightly says, 'stirs pity for her fate and admiration for her defiance'. But why should these reactions be thought to be from a Christian point of view improper? The defiance of God by the wicked is a fact, and a mystery, likely to produce pity (and fear?) most of all in those who believe in an omnipotent God who allows his creatures to go as far as Athalie went.

I agree also that 'Phèdre' is the most interesting case of all. But there is no need to speak of her as a Jansenist character. As far as I know, this view has almost disappeared from university discussion. It is amply sufficient to say that 'Phèdre is pagan and Christian together. Conscious of sin, she cannot avoid it', and to add that as such she stands for all of us. We all inherit both the Greek and the Hebrew attitudes.

We are all creatures of passion and of conscience. In the hands of a great dramatist the opposition may be such as to consume the entire personality. But why bring in the old cliché of Phèdre being without grace? Surely that is a poor description of one who takes her life in remorse for sin and who insists on confession before death in order to clear the victim. Here again the mystery is tragic and religious as well. It is nothing less than the paradox of man as a child of God wishing to break loose from his Creator. Let us not forget that 'Phèdre' also contains the tragedy of Theseus, who prays for speedy vengeance on his son, and gets it, only to find that his prayer was a ghastly mistake.

Yours, etc.,

WILL G. MOORE

Sir,—The very core of literary tragedy is biblical religion. The tragic hero suffers excessively, but he must have committed some visible foolishness or wrong which brought trouble in its wake. Otherwise, the misfortunes of the innocent are merely misfortunes. Accidents cannot rise to be the theme of a classical tragedy.

Shakespeare's 'King Lear' is an outstanding example of this essential ingredient in tragedy. If Lear had not produced an illegitimate son, if he had not been so foolish, vain, and headstrong as the earlier scenes show him to have been, the tragedy could not have been evolved. Indeed, tragedy has to show how in some way the punishment is connected with the wrongs of the suffering hero. The mystery of tragedy lies in the extensive measure of the suffering engendered by what appear to be venial weaknesses.

The Book of Job does not attempt to be a tragedy. It is a trial of strength. Its purport is to show how the ebb of human fortunes may strengthen their latter end. The first and greatest tragedy is the tragedy of mankind as told in the third chapter of Genesis. The results are disastrous in excess of what we should normally assess as a requital for the wrong of the first transgression, yet we sense a hidden justice.

Without religion this awe is absent and tragedy loses its majesty. Biblical tragedy shows how even good (not perfect) human nature often engenders within itself also a poison which threatens to bring destruction upon its carrier. Here is the sense of self-corrupting (not wasting) goodness.

And the final impression of biblical tragedy is not one of resignation and pessimism but a challenge to rise above the vicious circle of tragedy, or, having fallen (not trapped) in it to rise above death through spiritual grandeur.

Yours, etc.,

London, N. 16

SOLOMON SCHONFELD

Sir,—The thesis developed by Mr. Daiches Raphael that tragedy is ultimately incompatible with 'the religion of the Bible' is true in so far (as he points out) as the idea of a compensating Heaven requires temporal suffering. But the incompatibility is not as profound on Christian theological grounds as Mr. Raphael indicates.

While he does not doubt the great tragic quality of Shakespeare's plays, he does doubt that 'orthodox religion can be found in his tragedies'. I suggest that a motive force in Shakespearean tragedy is the sin of the protagonists, which, far from being the result of

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inexorable destiny, is itself the cause of the consequent suffering and final destruction of the heroes.

Lear, to choose Mr. Raphael's example, suffers as a result of a monstrous pride. Innocence, such as Cordelia's, suffers also, but as an effect of previous sin. It is, I believe, customary to compare the expanding effects of sin with the expansion of concentric ripples resulting from dropping a pebble into still water. Similarly, Othello suffers from jealousy; and Hamlet, according to Sir Laurence Olivier, from a fatal temporising; and Macbeth from an evil ambition. These are sins and defects which may be easily referred to Christian bases.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford WALTER RALEIGH COPPEDGE

Swedish Enthusiasm for Painting

Sir,—I would like to thank Mr. Olle Carlström (in *THE LISTENER*, September 2) for pointing out the error in my talk in which I referred to the Stockholm Spårvägars as having about 4,000 members, whereas I should have said 'workers'. Of these 4,000 workers, however, 1,300 are members of the Spårvägars Konstklubb, which is a high percentage in a concern equivalent in function to our London Transport.

Again, my figure of 200,000 is really a rather conservative estimate of the total membership of all the art clubs in Sweden, of which there are between 500 and 600, with a membership of about 600,000. The largest art society in question is the Sveriges Allmänna Konst Föréning, which has a membership of 17,000. These are staggering figures indeed when one considers that the population of Sweden is about 7,000,000, rather less than that of London, and it is distressing to compare them with the memberships and functions of our own Contemporary Art Society and the Institute of Contemporary Arts. Of the many small clubs in

Sweden, the membership varies between 20 to 30 and 1,300, and the charges vary from 50 ore to 10 kroner (8d. to 14s.) per month. In Stockholm alone there are 150 art clubs, and Gothenburg and Malmö have 100 each.

Of the 150 clubs in Stockholm, 98, with a total membership of 19,000, belong to the Samarbetsnämnden. This is an organisation started in 1945 for the purpose of co-ordinating the activities of some of the clubs. It gives advice, general art education, including art films, and arranges exhibitions and personal visits of artists and critics. This year, for example, they have arranged a journey to Italy to study art. These clubs, alone of the Samarbetsnämnden, buy paintings every year to the value of 400,000 kroner, which is about £28,000. Every town and most villages, factories, banks, insurance houses, schools, railways, and even the police have their art clubs. A big factory—L. M. Erikson—for example, has a club with 400 members. The Gothenburg bank has 200 members. The Stockholm Post Office has 500 members, and the Stockholm branch of the Svenska Handelsbanken has 600 members who buy every year to the value of 27,000 kroner.

Mr. Carlström complains that the Swedish painter has some difficulty in making a good living out of art. It all depends on one's conception of 'a good living'. Swedish painters can barter a painting for goods in the Konst för varor and other places, if they are poor. Although it may be a little difficult to exchange a painting for a new car, at least they are able to live and work as professional painters, which is certainly not the case here. The scale of art patronage in Sweden is fantastic. Where in England could one find a business man who would act not as a dealer, but as a collector, and who would be prepared to grant a painter a contract for his entire output in return for £30 to £40 per month, or, alternatively, to pay £14

for every painting the artist produces, but with a clause in the contract that permits the artist to exhibit any of the paintings for sale at higher prices, and deducting only the £14 from each one sold? Where in any other country could an artist arrive at a collector's house with a truck-load of paintings and be paid for them before they were unpacked and approved?

I do not wish to labour the academic point as to whether the paintings produced under such favourable conditions are better or worse than those produced in countries which afford the artist less economic security, but what is certain is that there is great activity in Sweden and large numbers of paintings are being made and seen, while the reproduction is being relegated to the attic. This gives every painter, good or bad, a chance to grow.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.10 CLIFF HOLDEN

'New Poems: 1955'

Sir,—For the past three years P.E.N. anthologies of new verse have appeared under the imprint of Messrs. Michael Joseph, Ltd. A fourth volume is now in preparation, the editors being Mr. Patric Dickinson, Mr. J. C. Hall, and Miss Erica Marx, and manuscripts, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return, should be addressed to the Editors, *New Poems: 1955*, The P.E.N., 62-63 Glebe Place, London, S.W.3, before September 30, 1954. Poems which have appeared in book-form cannot be considered, and each poet may submit three poems only. Payment will be made for all poems accepted.

Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.3 DAVID CARVER,
General Secretary, The P.E.N.

The photograph of Oxford on the cover last week showed the Radcliffe science library on the right and not, as stated in the caption, the inorganic chemical laboratory.

How the Germans Are Miswriting Their History

(continued from page 383)

berg, ex-nazis formed an 'Association for Racial Questions', and began to collect money for their anti-semitic campaign. B'nai B'rith, the society which recently sent its team to Germany, writes: 'The assurances which we have received in some quarters that anti-semitism no longer exists in Germany are not borne out by the evident facts. Most Germans, it is true, are embarrassed by discussion of nazi persecutions. They seek to avoid it and block it out of their minds. It is too much to expect that a generation subjected to the intensive anti-semitic indoctrination of the nazis should so quickly rid itself of its deep-seated hates. Opinion-testing since the war has at no time revealed a real lessening of anti-semitism in the group that lived through the nazi period'.

It is not surprising that Lord Russell of Liverpool's book, *The Scourge of the Swastika*, has stirred up especial resentment among Germans who just want to forget. The editor of one Düsseldorf newspaper declaimed against the book, which, typically, he has not even read, on the grounds that 'at least 100 books about the concentration camps have already been written'. Have they? In reality, just one major work, Eugen Kogon's *The S.S. State*, has been published in the German language about concentration camps. The classic historical study of them, Reitlinger's *Final Solution*, is unlikely ever to be translated into German. Only one German newspaper had anything to say about the English edition of the book. The *Deutsche Rundschau* thought it should not be discussed in Germany

because it might disturb the peace of mind of the German citizen. The *Deutsche Rundschau* was right: most Germans prefer to remain blissfully ignorant.

The absence of honest study of the recent past leaves a vacuum, and the German, tidy by instinct and preference, does not like vacuums. All too many foolish and dangerous myths are being evolved to plug the gaps in his convenient memory. There is the myth of the allied bombing of Dresden balancing out with all the evils perpetrated by the nazis, and this simple, silly equation is often set boldly down in print. There is the myth of the Western Powers inviting the Russians into Europe. Does any German remember the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact, which gave Russia the Baltic States, half of Poland, the Bukowina, and Bessarabia; in fact, all the vital approaches into Europe? There is the story of the second 'stab-in-the-back' by the men of the German resistance who undermined the German war effort in the same way as the sailors in Kiel harbour thirty-five years ago.

There is the special myth of the first 'European army', in the shape of the *Waffen S.S.* This is what one soldiers' newspaper, the *Heimkehrer* has to say on the subject: 'Thousands of Norwegians, Danes, Dutch, Belgians, and Frenchmen entered the war as Europeans to battle alongside the *Wehrmacht* against bolshevism. They did this as volunteers: they were not even National Socialists. Their crime was to ally themselves with an occupying power against Europe's common danger'. 'What right', the

Heimkehrer continues, 'have our conquerors to treat as criminals tens of thousands of the first Europeans to jettison their national resentments?' As it happened, I was able, early in 1941, to watch one group of Belgian officers being systematically schooled for enrolment in the *Waffen S.S.* The bribe offered them was to return home from their prisoner-of-war camp, and Russia had not even come into the war at that time. Those Belgian officers were ordered to sing nazi songs, give the nazi salute, and study nazi literature. But if some day the true story of the *Waffen S.S.* is written, will many Germans trouble to read it?

Today a society for the victims of anti-nazi persecution has been formed to claim compensation for 'democratic misrule'. An ex-general has just been rehabilitated who had a sixty-year-old captain of the Reserve shot during the last days of the war because he tried to stop an artillery unit from defending a hospital crammed with wounded. Ex-Marshall Kesselring personally commended the general. These happenings are the stranger when one remembers that victims of nazi terror are still trying in vain to get compensation, and that Kesselring, lately in gaol as a war criminal, has become the head of the revived and uniformed *Stahlhelm*. Such grotesque events will multiply as long as Germans, with all their good qualities, still do not find out what happened in the immediate past. Nobody should want to teach them anything; but it is perhaps about time they started learning for themselves about themselves.

—Third Programme

An Art Critic's Apology

By QUENTIN BELL

THE art critics of THE LISTENER have recently been in trouble. Lord Brabazon of Tara considers us 'self-satisfied and all-wise' persons who 'extol as wonderful everything that is ugly, misshapen and eccentric'; we forgive him readily, for he has put us in the dock along with Picasso and Goya, Brouwer and Bosch; but Mr. G. E. Assinder must be taken seriously. 'On the whole', he writes, 'I do find that what good critics say about the cinema, drama, especially music and, *somewhat doubtfully*, *art* [my italics] is what I agree with eventually', and he continues, 'I would like to criticise the critics for a leaning towards preciousness and a predilection for strange words. Otherwise they are quite useful members of the community'.

The just and reasonable strictures of a sensible man hurt, and, although the editor of this journal has dealt in general terms with the issues raised by this correspondence, there are special defects of art criticism which ought to be discussed. Why are we so precious? Why do we use strange words?

It is not pure cussedness, it is not—or it is not always—simply a verbose habit of making important-sounding phrases. The fault lies, to a very great extent, in the nature of the material with which we have to deal. The art of painting has moved—for better or worse—at such a rate and into such strange places that the literary man is left stumbling and gasping in his efforts to snatch at her flying petticoats. During the past fifty years painting and sculpture have become more and more indescribable. Take, for instance, 'An Alien', painted by Mr. Ernest Normand in 1894 and exhibited in that year's Royal Academy, and compare it with Mr. Kurt Séligmann's 'Composition', painted in 1932. I do not much care for either of these works. Mr. Normand, it seems to me, is being obvious in one way, Mr. Séligmann in another. In the work of both artists there is a certain conscious audacity as though the painter were saying 'Oh look at me, ain't I awful?' But whatever one may feel about these paintings, how much easier it is to praise, to condemn, to discuss the older of these two masters. The reasons are clear. In the first place Mr. Normand is working from Nature, or rather from a nice young person in the north light of a St. John's Wood studio and from a general impression of what Ancient Egypt may have been like. We can see where his drawing has come off and where he has funk'd it. Nature can be called in evidence and, when Nature has testified, Historical, Probability and Morality may be cited. The literary criticism of literary pictures is money for jam; I could write three pages about Mr. Normand but I would be hard put to it to find as many paragraphs for Mr. Séligmann.

Remarks such as 'coo-er' and 'golly' which rise unbidden to one's lips when one is confronted by 'Composition' may do well enough in conversation but fail to provide the public with that descriptive assessment and critical appraisal to which it is entitled. Instead, such



'An Alien', by Ernest Normand
From 'Royal Academy Pictures for 1894'



'Composition', 1932, by Kurt Séligmann
From 'Art Now', by Herbert Read

phrases as 'dynamic balance', 'inner tension', 'inorganic sensibility', 'a-mimetic significance', 'the rejection of physical mass as an element of plasticity', etc., etc., rush in windily to fill the vacuum. Hard words, indeed, but what others shall we find to meet the facts of the case?

Place a sheet of paper over the left-hand side of Mr. Séligmann's picture so that about a third thereof is obscured and you will, I think, find that it is much improved. The picture space seems better filled, the irregular shape in the upper half of the canvas becomes less commonplace; the fact that a portion of the design is now obscured, but can be inferred, titillates the imagination and lends a pleasing asymmetry to the whole. I confess that it has taken me half an hour to frame that last sentence and even so I have barely begun to express that which is at once apparent to the eye. Consider then the difficulties of doing justice to an entire exhibition of such works and of doing so without the help of illustrations.

Mr. Séligmann's 'Composition' is, of course, an extreme example. There are plenty of modern painters who paint from Nature and not a few who attempt to tell stories. But two eggs in a bowl provides only a little more handle to criticism than do three triangles in a rhomboid. As for the story-tellers, they are nowadays astonishingly bashful. *Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet* is a piece of advice that they seem to have taken to absurd lengths. We are shown, not Medea killing her children, but someone who might possibly be Medea and has a vague air of having done something pretty filthy in the background. One sighs for the outspoken prurience of Mr. Normand, for how can one criticise the statements of those who are afraid to be articulate? It may be argued that such complaints betray a certain weakness. When

Delacroix does show us Medea we do not bother to consult Euripides; when Cézanne copies Delacroix it is not a change in the story that affects us most.

The abstract painters deprive us of much that we could talk about; of much easy writing and of much easy reading. Nevertheless they do oblige us to consider, in isolation, the almost indescribable but supremely important questions of form, colour, and design; this is not an easy task, it can easily lead to obscurity or preciousness, but it is the essential business of art criticism.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Son of Oscar Wilde

By Vyvyan Holland. Hart-Davis. 18s.

WHEN OSCAR WILDE was arrested in April 1895 his two sons, Cyril (who was not quite ten) and Vyvyan (nearly eight and a half), were immediately taken away from school and almost as quickly hurried abroad. This book is an account of their experiences. Both boys were unhappy and perplexed, though Cyril's case was a little different from Vyvyan's because Cyril, having read some newspapers that had been left lying about, had realised that something was desperately wrong, whereas Vyvyan had no inkling of what had happened and in fact remained in ignorance until he was eighteen.

The boys were taken first to Switzerland, then to Italy, then back to Switzerland, where they were informed that in future their names would no longer be Wilde but Holland (an old family name on their mother's side) and that they were to forget they had ever borne the name of Wilde and were never to mention it to anyone. All their possessions were gone through to make certain that the name Wilde did not appear on any of them and their clothes were re-marked. Their next stay was in Germany, at Neuenheim College, Heidelberg. Here they discovered to their horror that in the re-marking of clothes their cricket flannels had been forgotten and one has a picture of them frantically hacking away with their pocket-knives at the tell-tale tapes. It was an incident that impressed itself deeply. 'I wonder', writes Mr. Holland, 'how many people understand what it is like to be in such a position . . . The thought that at any moment an indiscreet remark or a chance encounter with someone from our former lives might betray us was a sword of Damocles hanging above our heads'. From Germany Vyvyan was sent to a Jesuit College in Monaco, Cyril remaining at Neuenheim.

The period of exile lasted more than three years. Cyril went to Radley and subsequently into the army. He was killed in the first world war. Vyvyan went to Stonyhurst and afterwards to Cambridge—not, as he would have preferred, to Oxford because his father had been there. By the same token his wish to become a doctor was vetoed because the family feared that his connection with Sir William Wilde might come to light. In Robert Ross, whom he met for the first time in 1907, Vyvyan found a true and lasting friend: happier years then lay ahead.

In spite of all the bitter pain and cruelty he has experienced, Mr. Holland does not write complainingly or in a spirit of self pity. His story—'on the whole a life of concealment and repression'—is, as he truly says, part of the whole tragic story of Oscar Wilde. His own view is that the immediate concern of his mother's advisers in trying to obliterate his identity and that of his brother was to protect themselves, and that they would have done better to let the two boys sail under their true colours—even though it meant that their entire education must take place away from England. It may indeed be so, though in the short run the agonies and insults to which the boys would undoubtedly have been subjected might well have proved too much for them. As it is, the deep and lasting hurt inflicted on two innocent children is a measure of the intolerance of the age into which they were born. We may pride ourselves that these things could not happen now: yet a reminder of what could and did happen within the memory of many now living does not come amiss. Mr. Holland speaks of himself as a man

who has 'always had to be explained—almost apologised for'. There is nothing here that calls for any apology. He has written a deeply moving book.

Wrong Passport. By Ralph Brewster.

Cohen and West. 16s.

Mr. Ralph Brewster's name is not as famous as *6,000 Beards of Athos* which he wrote in 1935. *Wrong Passport*, found unfinished when he died in 1951, is an account of his experiences during the war. Descended from William Brewster, one of the Pilgrim Fathers, he was, in so far as he was anything, an expatriate American. But his passport was Italian. Civilised, charming, cosmopolitan, a lover of music and an astrological adept, he found himself in a peculiar position when the war caught him in Buda-Pesth. He was so anti-fascist that he would not fight in the Italian army, but not so anti-fascist that he would fight in any other army; so anti-nazi that he would not become a German spy, but not so anti-nazi that he would spy for the allies. He was the man outside the war, above or below it as your fancy would place him.

The account of his struggle to avoid entanglement would have been irritating if published at a time when we were still emotionally involved; but at this distance in time, it makes fascinating reading. Brewster, continually in search of somewhere where he might stay without detection and so entangling his friends in his avoidance of entanglement, proved a sort of catalyst of character. What surprised him was that so few would take risks on his behalf; what surprises the reader is that no one gave him away, that even fervent nazis told him that he could not stay more than one night on the sofa. What life was like in the Hungarian capital to which the war came so late and at last so grimly has nowhere else been recounted so vividly, and the author's astrological sincerity, as when he endangered his life in Milan by the denunciation of the onomantic method, adds just that strain of dottiness which recovers sympathy for a man cultivated to the verge of effeteness.

The Privileged Nightmare. By Giles Romilly and Michael Alexander.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 12s. 6d.

Unlike most of the war books of recent years, *The Privileged Nightmare* is not primarily a narrative of action. It does not lack violent drama: but it is as a study of human behaviour and character that it claims attention. It should not be neglected as a late-comer, for it is exceptional: one of the awaited books.

Giles Romilly, a nephew of Sir Winston Churchill, and Michael Alexander, who is related to the Field-Marshal, were two of a group of prisoners-of-war classified by the Germans as 'Prominente', possible hostages because of their kinship with important people. Their companions included Viscount Lascelles, Earl Haig, the Earl of Hopetoun (son of the Viceroy of India), the Master of Elphinstone (a nephew of the Queen Mother) and John Winant, whose father was then American Ambassador in London. After the Warsaw Rising they were joined by its leader, General Bor-Komorowski. They were housed at Colditz, the notorious camp for 'incurables'. They enjoyed comforts that other prisoners lacked; but there hung over them the suspicion, which grew into certainty, that they were hostages, living under the threat of execu-

tion if the war went against the Germans. Theirs was one of those situations which lay bare the hidden fundamentals of character. Each of them reacted to it in his own way: Earl Haig, for instance, creating a private world in his paintings, Viscount Lascelles absorbing himself in music, Romilly clinging to his journalist's detachment with such firmness that he could turn the tables on a Gestapo officer with an interrogatory about the wages, hours, and working conditions of the secret police; and—surely the most remarkable of them—the Master of Elphinstone asserting at all times a diamond-hard, aristocratic authority that never failed to secure obedience, even from the Germans.

All these men are studied with rare perception; as is the life of the broader community of prisoners that surrounded them, and of their captors. There were British, French, Dutch, Belgians, and Poles in the camp, all hard cases. All seem to have delighted in parading their most-caricatured national characteristics with grandiose nonchalance. The French spent their spare time making toy tanks driven by mice, and their escapes were individual exploits. The British made practical gadgets and their attempts to escape were under the auspices of The Committee.

As the war drew to a close, the position of the 'Prominente' became increasingly hazardous. When the Allied armies approached their camp they were moved. Hitler, seconded by the infamous Kaltenbrunner, ordered their execution; but the S.S. general responsible for them, who hoped to win good marks from the allies, avoided carrying out the order, with the result that he was sentenced to death himself and, a fugitive in charge of fugitives, led them in a terrifying helter-skelter of escape through south Germany. Their adventures in the nightmare of Germany's collapse provide a bizarre climax to the story.

The Origins of Psycho-analysis: Letters to Wilhelm Fliess. By Sigmund Freud.

Imago. 30s.

During the critical years between 1887 and 1902 when Freud was turning his attention and his genius from physiology and neurology to psychology, starting his own self-analysis and inventing the concepts and technique of psycho-analysis, there was only one man in the world to whom he could communicate the ideas and theories which he was developing in the greatest intellectual isolation, in the expectation that they would be at least sympathetically considered. This was the nose and throat specialist Wilhelm Fliess, working in Berlin, for whom, over many years, Freud seems to have had the most exaggerated esteem. The intellectual bond between these two middle-aged Jewish doctors seems to have resided chiefly in the fact that both of them were paying serious attention to sex and sexuality at a period when these subjects were considered tabu for objective consideration. But whereas Freud always paid the most careful attention to the evidence, Fliess seems to have been pretty dotty, with hypotheses linking the nose and the female genitals and theories of periodicity which recall the prophecies derived from the Great Pyramid. The relationship did not long survive the definitive establishment of psycho-analysis, which can be dated from the publication of *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

Freud meticulously destroyed all correspondence, all rough notes, anything which could give the curious more information than he

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with a Foreword by
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Seventy years ago the Aga Khan succeeded, at the age of eight, to the responsibilities of the Imaam of the Ismaili Muslims. He was born of the most princely blood of the Islamic world, his family claiming direct descent from the Prophet Mohammed. From childhood he was brought up to an acute awareness of his spiritual and temporal duties. He grew up under the paternal eye of the British Government and for years he played a leading part in public affairs as Britain's 'Ambassador without Portfolio'. He was received by Queen Victoria, became a companion of King Edward VII, a friend for over fifty years of Queen Mary, and a constant visitor to King George V. He first met Winston Churchill in Poona in 1896 and has been his friend ever since. In the long years since the night when he dined with Queen Victoria, he has been acquainted with most of the great figures, royal, political and cultural, of half a century. But perhaps the most important part of this most impressive autobiography is the section in which he expounds his beliefs and describes the religious, social and historical basis of Islam.

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"...remarkable alike for its origin, its history and its content.... Furthermore, there is some account of Freud's mightiest achievement, his self-analysis. Alone and unaided he overcame the powerful obstacles that bar the deepest layers of the mind from the knowledge of consciousness. It was a task that had often been attempted in the history of mankind, but Freud was the first mortal to accomplish it."

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wished to impart on his private life or his techniques of working. It was an odd series of coincidence which preserved his letters to Fließ, got them into the hands of Princess Marie Bonaparte, and saved them through the hazards of war and occupation. The editors, Ernst Kris, Anna Freud, and Marie Bonaparte, write 'The author of the material in this volume would not have consented to the publication of any of it'; and Freud indeed tried to induce Marie Bonaparte to destroy the letters when he learned she had acquired them. The editors have respected Freud's known wishes to the extent of omitting from their compilation more than a third of the letters, etc. and cutting out from the remainder nearly all purely personal passages; but their decision to publish the bulk of the material must earn the gratitude of all students of psycho-analysis (for whom this book must be absolutely essential) and of anybody who is interested in studying the gradual and tentative development of what is probably the most influential theory of our century. It is not often we can watch a genius at work.

One can say that Freud came to the conclusions of psycho-analysis unwillingly. In a way he became a doctor unwillingly; in one of the few self-revelations the editors have allowed to stay he writes: 'When I was young, the only thing I longed for was philosophical knowledge, and now that I am going over from medicine to psychology I am in the process of attaining it. I have become a therapist against my will...'. For years he tried to establish a mechanistic causation of hysteria and the neuroses generally, first of all from mechanical interferences with sexual intercourse, and then from an elaborate theory of the activity of various hypothetical 'neurones' in the brain. The present volume contains a hundred-page 'Project for a Scientific Psychology', drafted in 1896, which elaborates these ideas at considerable length, and with his customary clarity. The one drawback is that there was no evidence for the neurones he hypothesised. It was only when, with unparalleled courage and audacity, he applied the injunction 'Physician, heal thyself' by his own self-analysis, that he was able to move from the mechanics of cerebral or neurological anatomy to the dynamics of the individual and his vicissitudes, and to produce a psychological theory which would account equally for the normal and the deviant and an interviewing technique which is still unequalled in its effectiveness. In these 153 letters and eighteen drafts one can gradually see the ideas presenting themselves and being tried out, until the fertile grain is winnowed from an immense amount of chaff.

It would almost be impertinent to praise the editorship or the translation, which are impeccable. Curiosity can deplore that the correspondence was not published intact, and the history of science regret that nothing remains of the other side of the correspondence, nor of the nearly annual 'meetings' or 'conferences' in which the two friends discussed so much more than was ever written down. Even in the present partial state, these series of letters give an almost unparalleled insight into the workings of a most ingenious scientific mind.

The Ways of the Ant

By John Crompton. Collins. 15s.

John Crompton has already made a niche for himself as interpreter of an unwritten language—the language of bees, wasps, and spiders and now, of ants. Those who enjoyed his earlier books will undoubtedly find delight in the tales he tells of these most fascinating, and at the same time perplexing, of insects. In a gay, nonchalant way he ushers his audience round the ant castle, from room to room, through winding earthy passages, down to foetid dungeons and

up on to airy battlements, through perfumed boudoirs and airless servants' quarters, into cow-sheds, granaries, wine cellars, mushroom houses, and the usual domestic offices.

And then, as on a magic carpet, the audience is whisked to a Nissen hut in Iceland to watch a mouse eat a piece of chocolate, to the bar in a war-time officers' mess to see a slightly inebriated pilot officer painlessly shot through the chest by a flight lieutenant in a similarly mellow condition, to the banks of a river in Africa to participate in the disembowelment of a crocodile, the few dull moments of the journey being enlivened with dissertations on such trivia as the theory and practice of mushroom cultivation, mathematical calculations of the parthenogenetic breeding potentiality of greenflies, and the attitude of cichlid fish to changeling babies! A lengthy deviation into the private lives of termites is excused on the grounds that they always have been and always will be known as 'white ants' despite the general awareness of their very much closer relationship with 'black-beetles'; to be consistent the author should at least have mentioned the 'velvet ants', those strikingly ornate mutillid parasites of bees, flies, and beetles.

It is all good fun, and delightfully illustrated by a number of excellent black-and-white drawings by J. Yunge-Bateman. For the serious-minded student of ants, however, there will have been some disturbing moments, as when *Oecophylla* larvae are described as producing silken threads from their 'hinder ends' instead of from where the spinning glands open under the head, which will have made him realise that the author is not quite so conversant with real live ants as might have been expected. However, the serious-minded student was warned at the very beginning that the book would probably offend, though it is doubtful if the author intended this to include his 'appendix' devoted to British ants. Like many another appendix, this one would be better removed, for despite its frayed and functionless condition it lends the book a semblance of technicality which it certainly ought not to have.

Coleridge, Opium and Kubla Khan

By Elizabeth Schneider.
Cambridge. 37s. 6d.

The Indifferent Horseman. By Maurice Carpenter. Elek Books. 25s.

Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan' enjoys a special prestige in English literature. It has been treated as the typical example of 'pure' or 'essential' poetry, and almost superhuman qualities have been attributed to it. And all this has been explained by the fact that it was, on Coleridge's statement, the product of an opium-dream. Professor Livingstone Lowes, in a book even longer than Professor Schneider's, traced its imagery to the remotest recesses of Coleridge's memory, and other critics have found in its symbolism the profoundest significance.

Professor Schneider will have none of this. She has 'never shared the view that "Kubla Khan" is one of the supreme English poems', though she thinks it is a good one. She has also 'never shared the belief that it is a product of the unconscious mind'. So she proceeds to her surgical task of removing 'the irrelevant glamour'. She removes much else in the process—what she calls 'the native fog' of contemporary criticism. She is a sprightly and entertaining critic, and the book can be thoroughly recommended to anyone who has the time to read 363 pages on a poem of fifty-four lines. In the course of these pages Miss Schneider proves that Coleridge in his preface to 'Kubla Khan' lied about the occasion and the nature of its composition; she almost proves that he did not

write it when he said he did; and that consequently certain 'influences' were skilfully disguised. She shows that the poem is in the normal stream of the orientalising romanticism of the period, and has definite links ('echoes', she calls them) with such poems as Landor's 'Gebir' and Southey's 'Thalaba', and less definite but still positive links with 'Rasselas' and 'Paradise Lost'. She produces medical evidence to prove that opium is not conducive to visions, and by analysing the metrical structure of the poem she shows that it is a highly conscious and even sophisticated performance.

But the poem remains. It is not among the very greatest achievements of English poetry, but nevertheless 'it has perfection of its kind'. It is an 'odd union of Miltonic verse texture with rather ordinary, conventional Gothic-oriental-tale matter'. 'The infinite complexities and unifications of the verse pattern... produce a subtle music that bestows upon ordinary chaotic—and also stale—material an air of mysterious meaning. It is a new tune; though the texture is Milton's, the voice is the voice of Coleridge'.

To turn from the bright snipping of Professor Schneider's scissors to Mr. Carpenter's *Indifferent Horseman* is to be made aware of what she means by 'the native fog' of contemporary criticism. It is Mr. Carpenter's element. He lives in it: he swallows it all:

Dreams. Dozing, the opium working, breeding precise and immobile images like the copulating diamonds of Sir John Mandeville... The shaping spirit of the imagination, which has been exercised more or less consciously in the Ancient Mariner, now shaped the poem unconsciously, presenting the images to the mind as things. It seemed to need no fillip from the reason or the will. It could shape and make the poem perfect without their help...

Nodding awake, reach for a pen, the poem clear and brilliant in the mind. This I cannot keep in my bard's scrip of memory, so ephemeral, it is passing, write it down... He wrote...

Professor Schneider has forever discredited this kind of writing about Coleridge. One feels sorry for Mr. Carpenter. He has been industrious. He has accumulated a confusing mass of information and arranged it in a coherent narrative. But it is all bathed in the glamour that Miss Schneider has now dispelled, and these two books cannot exist side by side.

The Future of Sterling

By A. C. L. Day. Oxford. 12s. 6d.

The outstanding merit of Mr. Alan Day's excellent book is that it examines realistically and dispassionately, and with great acuteness and thoroughness, the clashes of interest which must be faced and mitigated if real progress is to be achieved in the restoration of convertibility of sterling. He explains the working of the sterling area system, examines its convenience to its members, appraises its stability, and exhibits the discriminations which it involves. He considers the problems of extending convertibility outside the sterling area, and follows this with a valuable discussion of the requirements for a workable world payments system, and with a suggestion for such a system which might bear the strain of placing squarely upon each country the responsibility for so conducting its economic policy as to meet the requirements of continuing membership. The advisers of all the governments which have met and are still to meet this year in a series of conferences to plan in detail the next steps forward will have been indebted to Mr. Day for the assistance which his study provides in clarifying the divergences of interest and emphasising the requirements to be satisfied if useful agreements are to be reached.

This is not to say that Mr. Day's judgements will be accepted by the representatives of all the

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METHUEN

important interests, or by those who believe that the strengthening of the international position of sterling is essential for further progress towards a world of multi-lateral and non-discriminatory trade. As far as this country is concerned, he believes that nostalgic attempts to restore sterling to its former place in the sphere of international finance would impose an intolerable strain and defeat other economic objectives which he believes are more important. 'The future of the economy depends much more on provincial workshops than on metropolitan counting houses'. This may have been

equally true before 1914, although politicians were perhaps made of different stuff then. Mr. Day draws too sharp a distinction, which will make curious reading for Australian industrialists, between European countries, in which the post-war dollar shortage has promoted new industrial interests which would be damaged by the freeing of international trade, and the primary producing countries of the Commonwealth. Despite this, he displays a conservative preference for relying on the development of existing institutions which have worked reasonably well rather than creating entirely new

organisations. His world payments system would build on the European Payments Union, although the British Commonwealth, and, for instance, Japan might prefer something broader, based on the strengthening of the powers and responsibilities of the International Monetary Fund, coupled with a change in its constitution. However that may be, Mr. Day argues so openly and well for his own point of view that those who accept his objectives but differ as to method will welcome all the more his valuable contribution. Here, at its best, is the case they must answer.

Wanting Order

The *Cantos* of Ezra Pound. Faber. 25s.

I DO not often understand Mr. Pound. But I am not going to let this stop me reading him with enjoyment, if he is ever enjoyable. I do not understand Mr. Smith; I have only the illusion of understanding him. I do not understand his daily newspaper; he has only the illusion of understanding it. But if we read Mr. Pound, Mr. Smith and I, we have no such illusions. This is a great advantage.

We like to think that we understand. Yet if we can put aside this vanity for a few hours, and calmly pass over what fogs us, we shall have one or two surprises. In the first place we shall come upon this.

Kung walked
by the dynastic temple
and into the cedar grove,
and then out by the lower river,
And with him Khieu Tchi
and Tian the low speaking
And 'we are unknown', said Kung,
'You will take up charioteering?
Then you will become known,
Or perhaps I should take up charioteering, or
archery?
Or the practice of public speaking?'
And Tseu-lou said, 'I would put the defences
in order',
And Khieu said, 'if I were lord of a province
I would put it in better order than this'.
And Tchi said, 'I should prefer a small moun-
tain temple,
With order in the observances,
with a suitable performance of the ritual',
And Tian said, with his hand on the strings of
his lute
The low sounds continuing
after his hand left the strings,
And the sound went up like smoke, under the
leaves,
And he looked after the sound:
'The old swimming hole,
And the boys flopping off the planks,
Or sitting in the underbrush playing mandolins'.
And Kung smiled upon all of them equally.
And Thseng-sie desired to know:
'Which had answered correctly?',
And Kung said, 'They have all answered
correctly,
That is to say, each in his nature'.

Here we are no longer skimming print, or pausing rarely to admire some particular sharpness or suggestiveness of language. We are in a company of human persons, who reveal themselves more directly as they are than my neighbour reveals himself to me. We understand, and are understood, 'each in his nature'. This is a rare experience. It is like stepping into another air, in which the shreds of newspapers float away, the masks are dropped, and we are among real people of sufficient honesty and leisure to permit of sane communication. Their very movement, gesture, and manner of speech reassure us. It is possible to believe in the dignity of human nature, and to wonder at it.

What I have been saying is that Mr. Pound has written a page of very fine poetry indeed: the real thing. It is more than fine writing. It is genuine aspiration. The gift desired is the gift of wisdom, of *order*.

And Kung said, and wrote on the bo leaves:
'If a man have not order within him
He can not spread order about him;
And if a man have not order within him
His family will not act with due order;
And if the prince have not order within him
He can not put order in his dominions'.

The desire for order is from the depth of the spirit. It breaks through even the extreme disorder of Mr. Pound's temperament. The more violent the chaos in a man's mind, the stronger the force of order needed to transform it. Hence the extraordinary power of Mr. Pound's lucid intervals. This is his genius: a power beyond himself, giving 'the dimension of stillness . . . the power over wild beasts', making sense of his most contradictory experience.

And his experience is vast. A book, to him, is experience. It is alive, or it is nothing. In his lovely XXth canto the academic game of literary-philological study explodes in laughter, and Provence of the troubadours lives in the clear air. But a greater presence to him is the presence of Dante. *O voi che siete in piccioletta barca . . .* he quotes: who follows the poet's keel is warned to turn back before the dangers of the open sea. Mr. Pound has dared to follow. He has come to grief, we might say, What else could be expected in this age? But has he come to grief? He has certainly come very often to confusion—'confusion, source of renewals'. This line from the XXIst canto should be his epitaph. And we have to decide, when we open his book, whether we are really more interested in the renewals than irritated by the confusion. If we are, we shall not be caught by many pages in the *Cantos*, but those few pages—very few—will hold us so fast that the trouble of finding them will be forgotten.

We shall have to regard him, by the middle of the way, as a patient, as a victim: a victim saved by loving.

nothing matters but the quality
of the affection—
in the end—that has carved the trace in the
mind . . .

This is not reminiscence of Dante, but the experience of a man capable of responding to the essence of Dante, to Piccarda's

*Li nostri affetti, che solo infiammati
son nel piacer dello Spirito Santo,
letizian del su' ordine informati.*

To have the affections 'informed after His order', in the strict, full Dantesque sense of *informati*, formed after the order of the *Creator Spiritus*: that is his real desire. And to have

learnt, really learnt, humility and love—that is no failure, even if it means finishing, on earth, in a madhouse.

What thou lov'st well remains,
the rest is dross
What thou lov'st well shall not be reft from thee
What thou lov'st well is thy true heritage
Whose world, or mine or theirs
or is it of none?
First came the seen, thus the palpable
Elysium, though it were in the halls of hell,
What thou lov'st well shall not be reft from thee

The ant's a centaur in his dragon world.
Pull down thy vanity, it is not man
Made courage, or made order, or made grace,
Pull down thy vanity, I say pull down.
Learn of the green world what can be thy place
In scaled invention or true artistry,
Pull down thy vanity,
Paquin pull down!
The green casque has outdone your elegance.
'Master thyself, then others shall thee bear'

Pull down thy vanity
Thou art a beaten dog beneath the hail
A swollen magpie in a fitful sun,
Half black half white
Nor knowst 'ou wing from tail
Pull down thy vanity
How mean thy hates
Fostered in falsity,
Pull down thy vanity,
Rathe to destroy, niggard in charity,
Pull down thy vanity,
I say pull down.

But to have done instead of not doing
this is not vanity
To have, with decency, knocked
That a Blunt should open
To have gathered from the air a live tradition
or from a fine old eye the unconquered flame
This is not vanity.
Here error is all in the not done
all in the diffidence that faltered.

This is Ezra Pound's literary confession. Its substance may be found, formed into finer poetry, in 'Little Gidding', where Mr. Pound is, I think, a persona of Mr. Eliot's Dantesque 'compound ghost'. Mr. Pound was certainly to him a master who, as Mr. Eliot has said, 'tried first to understand what one was attempting to do and then tried to help one do it in one's own way'. That was the humility and love of a great teacher, a great discoverer of living poetry. And by one of the most acute ironies of literary history the midwife who brought into the world the 'Waste Land' out of what its author has called a 'sprawling chaotic poem' has now nearly completed the sprawling chaos of the drafts here published. My judgement must be ambiguous but sympathetic. He wants order. He wants order greatly.

RAYMOND PRESTON

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

The British Association

LAST WEEK'S television road-safety campaign had the effect of a bell tolling between programmes, summoning us from a variety of distractions to remembrance of the transitoriness of human life. 'Tomorrow night, you may not be watching television', ignoring the likelihood that, having been embarrassed by another edition of 'One of the Family', for some of us the warning may have been redundant. The announcer on duty, Peter Haigh, stared in our direction as if we were miscreants rather than possible victims of fate. My word, he did look grim! I wanted to shout back: 'Don't pick on me—I haven't a car!'

No quarrelling, anyhow, with his theme and mission. If his over-acting helped to bring down the road accident figures, good for him. Whether in fact the premonitory style was the best for the purpose, whether it was really necessary, can be questioned. There was the thought that he had been drilled by some official propagandist who decided to be bold in the American way of tackling these public issues of life and death, as in the film called 'Someone Else's Child' on Saturday afternoon. The persuasive tone was evidently deemed inadequate, as well it may be. It will be most interesting to discover if the don't-be-vague approach succeeded. Almost one could believe that this Haigh had a cane under the table. One of the preventive films bore a sponsoring name, that of an oil company. The positively frantic haste with which it was whipped off our screens at the end was a sadly needed relaxation point in a sombre crusade.

Admirable as it is that television should instruct us in the gymnastics of keeping alive, it continues to fall short of its opportunity to show us how to live. It seems ever more satisfied to exploit its capacity for merely enabling us to pass the time. Reflectively considered, its

contribution to the good life so far has not amounted to much, perhaps because its operations are too diffuse, more explicitly, I suspect, because the imperatives of 'picture' are as arbitrary as those of rhyme, for which reason television may never be more than seeing in a glass darkly.

We realise the poor stuff of many of its activities when it gives us a programme like that based on the British Association inaugural meeting at Oxford. Disregarding the fact that

'Holiday', though I do not suggest that Sir George Barnes is as beautifully silly as Jacques Tati. But I should like to quote to him, as the responsible head of B.B.C. television, a remark from one of Claude Houghton's thoughtful novels: 'Man is a parody of his possibilities'. Its implications appear to be strongly commendable to the television hierarchy before the service is surrendered to the implacably rising momentum of the machine.

Now I discover that my viewing notes for last week have been mislaid. Ruminating, I dwell with most satisfaction on the Diaghilev programme from the Edinburgh College of Art. It consisted of half an hour's civilised conversation, which alone gave it rarity value; moreover, the setting was gracious, too. Once again the heart was glad. When it likes, television can point a camera away from banality with sweeping disdain. Undoubtedly I was not alone in appreciating the restful voice of Lady Juliet Duff, as well as the generosity of her reminiscence. The pianist, Artur Rubinstein, evoked memories and regrets with appealing eloquence. There were other good conversational performances, soaring above the routine promptings of Maud Risdon with the microphone. Aidan Thomson's introduction paved the way with a resonant assurance which should bring him more often into the television orbit.

Given omniscience, more from the Edinburgh Festival, less from Earl's Court, would have been my television formula for the week.

On the talks plane, I have no difficulty in recalling, also, Professor Darlington, F.R.S., on 'Genetics and Man', a pleasant voice and manner, although Mendelism at 10.10 p.m. is not everyone's cup of char. Peter Parker has faced a complicated responsibility as television impresario to the visiting professors. Working from rigged-up studios, with lighting and other difficulties to contend with, he has managed very well, so far. As an interviewer, he got some of his best results from Dr. Sinclair, who studies human obesity.



Demonstration by the R.A.F. No. 1 Parachute Training School, Abingdon, in 'Masters of Arms', one of the 'Arenoscope' programmes at the Radio Show last week

Richard Dimbleby was required to describe the scene to us in the accents of an old maid gossiping urgently under the eaves, the assembly made an impressive sight to see from one's armchair and Dr. Adrian's presidential address towered splendidly above the petty talks and interviews which strew the programme year.

Technical bedevilment spoilt the earlier part of the transmission, but it was thoroughly in keeping with the phantasmagoric effect of television generally that we were switched from that imposing occasion to carnival frivolities at the National Radio Show at Earl's Court. In its unco-ordinated play with ideas and events television is like an infinite 'Monsieur Hulot's



As seen by the viewer: programmes from the British Association meetings at Oxford: Professor C. D. Darlington speaking on 'Genetics and Man' on September 3; and a reconstruction of the heating system under a Roman pavement, in 'Physics and Living' by Professor P. M. S. Blackett on September 2



Two shots from the programme on Sergei Diaghilev at the College of Art on September 3, during the Edinburgh Festival: portraits of (left) Diaghilev, and (right) Tamara Karsavina

Photographs: John Cura





'Three's Company' on September 1, with Elizabeth Boyd as Miss Honey, Stephen Manton (left) as Mr. Love, and Eric Shilling as Mr. Three



Right: 'The Toby Chair' on September 5, with (left to right) Hugh Burden as Frederick Townsend, Roddy Hughes as Josh Morgan, Madoline Thomas as Hannah Morris, E. Eynon Evans as Nebo Roberts, Katie Johnson as Minnie Phelps, Walter Piers as Percy Leighton, and Jefferson Clifford as Todd Griffiths

Somewhere away over at the beginning of the week there was surf riding and life-saving drill from Bude in Cornwall, with Max Robertson doing his utmost to communicate the thrills. They never quite reached me. Water-skiing from Ruislip last Saturday was well worth looking at.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Bash on Regardless

THE LUNATICS who write to the immortals of the new television pantheon, threatening to assassinate them, in one recent instance alleging the sins of 'superciliousness and aristocracy', may have been given pause by the events of Saturday night last at the Radio Exhibition at Earl's Court. Here it seemed as if the B.B.C. itself were undertaking the job. No one could possibly dislike Mr. Freddie Mills, and not his worst enemy—had he one—would call him supercilious or aristocratic. Like an old race horse employed in the circus, he nowadays exploits an innate talent for low comedy, instead of high fisticuffs. Yet viewers whom nothing surprises no doubt raised their eyebrows when we saw him suddenly bashed on the napper with a stool and stagger dizzily away. It seems that he ought to have been hit with a 'property' stool, whatever that is. The case was one of lost property, however, and Mr. Mills received the genuine article on a skull which no doubt is as thick as his back is broad. May we look forward to more in this line—followed by similar explanations? One can think them up in advance. 'Mr. Harding should have been hit with a "property" mallet, but unfortunately . . . etc.'

Most of the entertainment in a rather thin week has come from exhibitions—ladies with sea lions, which is nearly documentary, or other ladies gushing about Diaghilev, who is so nearly drama, surely, and who leered down at us above the gushing talkers. But for some of the concerts which have come our way from the Usher Hall one can have nothing but gratitude, especially perhaps for Claudio Arrau—but here I break off, fearing that I am trespassing on Mr. Hussey's ground if not on Mr. Pound's.

Indisputably my pigeon was Sunday night's play, 'The Toby Chair', by a rather charming minor Welsh actor and dramatist E. Eynon Evans. I will not conceal a preference for Welsh kitchen comedies above those of Devon, Surbiton, Galway, or Dunoon, and the start of the play was well enough. A group of old age pensioners launched out into a rural industry manufacturing chairs; a specious talker, in reality a crook who wishes to use the chairs for what used to be called nefarious ends, steps up production which, like the Emperor's clothes, was practically non-existent; and the play, which begins as a gentle comedy about faintly eccentric types, ends up as a rather incredible melodrama, but without having earned many of a melodrama's privileges. I have so often admired Hugh Burden in various roles that I will not disguise my almost total disbelief in him (and his wig) on this occasion; otherwise there was a good deal of mild pleasure to be had from watching people like Katie Johnson as a mousy old sly-boot, Aimee Delamain, Roddy Hughes, and Madoline Thomas without whom a Welsh play would hardly be thinkable, Dafydd Havard, Paul Whitsun-Jones (a Welsh police sergeant to the life, breathing heavy suspicion in the wrong direction—a sort of sub Jimmy Edwards) and numerous other figures, including the author himself. But I doubt if I were the only person who felt relieved when at last the play came to a halt.

For the rest, drama has hardly flourished in the last week. It is opera which has caught the good notices—what is more, an opera by a contemporary. 'Opera' is a word which makes half the population yawn. The other half of the population thinks differently and is prepared to go to any lengths to indulge what is quite possibly an irrational and exotic taste (like acid drops or poetry). But even these generally flee in horror from any composition dating from later than 1924. However, here is Antony Hopkins and here is his nice little opera, operale, or operakin, setting love in an office Menotti-fashion and sending all my critical colleagues into ecstasies. I am delighted. So, I feel sure, is Mr. Hopkins, who has been stumping the country for many many months in the cause of intimate opera and has among some of us a

high rating. But when you 'go on the telly' you become, not merely famous, but famous in a completely different way. Mr. Hopkins is 'discovered'. The fact that a work of his has been in the repertory at Sadler's Wells and that he has written music for countless plays means nothing. If he had subdued China and rebuilt Rome singlehanded, it would have been nothing either. It is the fact of appearing on the screens of the homes of the nation which alone gives fame today. I did not hear his introduction but if it were anything like as good as his platform manner in any of the halls where I have seen him interesting an audience in advance, then I believe it must indeed have been good. The little opera the following night had its usual cast and as usual made its effect—undiminished because Christian Simpson had the matter in hand.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

All's Well

'IF SHE, MY LIEGE, can make me know this clearly', says Bertram, thumping home the rhyme, 'I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly'. Shakespeare seems to be happy: but Bertram and his Helena would surely be fighting in a month. Still, there it is: the sour comedy is called 'All's Well That Ends Well' (Third), and no doubt Shakespeare enjoyed the usual business with the rings in the last scene. I am not certain which of the partners is to be pitied more. Helena, in spite of her admirers and her ear for verse, is a relentless little opportunist. It takes an actress of uncommon personality to commend her to us, and that was where Irene Worth, on Sunday, was so rightly cast.

Miss Worth bit into Helena's lines: it was long since I had known a part more firmly spoken. She has no smudged carbon-sheet of a voice; she can work into a phrase with a needle, and, sometimes, angels can dance on its point. If they hardly did this in 'All's Well', we got a very sharp idea of Helena and Miss Worth let us have the full value of every speech. I had rarely noticed before such a phrase (for



MEDICAL MYSTERY

by PODALIRIUS

Next to the weather we British like to discuss our health; or anyhow our ill-health. I don't suppose this is a uniquely British, or even a particularly modern, custom. It was followed in a big way, for instance, in ancient Babylon, where the sick were always carried straight to the market-place so that any passer-by who had had a similar complaint could stop and give advice. Encouraging as it must have been for the sick man to swap symptoms with those who had had his disease and survived it, he may have experienced some awkward moments. What happened, for instance, when two or three of his advisers fell out about the diagnosis? He could not call in a medical referee, because there were no doctors in Babylon at the time; perhaps the amateur competition had been too keen for them. Fortunately the British medical profession is tougher; we can take any amount of amateur competition.

Doctors who met recently, at the Royal Society of Medicine, to consider the medical education of the public, agreed that health as a topic soon palls, but that people always take a passionate interest in their diseases, discussing them impartially with all comers, even the doctor.

"If only," patients are apt to think wistfully, "our doctors would be equally frank with us!" Among hospital patients "They don't tell you anything" has become a kind of sorrowful slogan.

The doctors have their own grievances, of course. For one thing, they are probably the only people in the country who are heartily sick of talking about disease. Again, they harbour a quaint belief that it is impossible to explain diseases to people who can't tell a cusp from a cuspidor, and think a hormone is some kind of musical instrument—unaware that, since crosswords entered the British way of life, such innocence is obsolete. One speaker at the Royal Society of Medicine boldly admitted that some patients are every bit as intellectually able as doctors. And in fact (since medicine has no monopoly of all the best brains in the country) some patients must be a good deal abler than all but the giants of the profession. And there are others, simple but shrewd, who ask the most searching questions. What is a doctor to do when thus invited to pack a vast subject into a nutshell? Small wonder if he offers only a peanut where a coconut was expected. Yet if he makes it every time a coconut he will never get through the daily rounds.

Speakers at the meeting held that it is time the public knew more about their own works. They suggested—as doctors have often done before—that biology should be taught in schools as a matter of course. The people, they decided, should be told more facts about health and disease—and not necessarily at a level graded to the meanest intelligence. It is hoped that the articles which will appear in this series will make a small contribution—peanut size—to this worthy design. P.

Meanwhile it is as well to know that "Nutrition is by far the most important factor in health" (we quote an eminent medical peer) . . . and that there is no greater aid to proper nutrition than BEMAX (Plain or Chocolate-Flavoured), providing it is taken every day.

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G.E. 2366

example) as 'his iarring concord, and his discord dulcet'. It was projection indeed: the actress even persuaded us that the babble-couples—often cut, or hurried by in embarrassment—were worth hearing. Denis Goacher bore off Bertram with what gallantry he could; though at the last we can only say, with Masefield, that there is little possibility of happiness for a couple so married.

The parasitic coward, Parolles, is the most elaborate creation: Anthony Jacobs found, rightly, a kind of elastic drawl for the man's overmastering affectation. In this play the older people are the most pleasant. With Gladys Boot's Countess, Felix Aylmer as the old lord, Lafeu, and Carleton Hobbs as the King—mercifully not fooled—all went well. It was a relief to hear how Mr. Hobbs proved that the autumnal King of France, whom Helena cures, is a character poignant enough not to need any cheapening fantastication. A false reading on the stage last year had prickled in the mind: the broadcast has dismissed it. Mary Hope Allen soothed the play along without obtrusive fuss and with few cuts; and, though Helena is not to be loved dearly, ever dearly, Irene Worth's performance will remain for me definitive.

We may, or may not, agree that all's well in Shaw's so-called 'tragedy' of 'The Doctor's Dilemma' (Home), that pill for William Archer. The Dubedats have never persuaded me; but any production in which the doctors are well cast cannot go far wrong, and I shall think of the latest revival (under Wilfrid Grantham) for Norman Shelley's 'B.B.' He reminded me, for some reason, of a massive, strutting wood-pigeon. It was a pleasure to hear him cooing away: 'Dee-lightful couple! Charming woman! Gifted lad! Remarkable talent! Graceful outlines! Perfect evening!' and so on until someone returned to break the harmonious flow. Whatever we may think about the piece, and the resolution of the dilemma, it remains cheerfully actable.

From the woodpigeon to 'The Starlings' (Home), and to 'Operation Cacophony'. This was a Goon joke about fighting the starlings in Trafalgar Square: a joke mainly devised, I dare-say, to get in another imitation of Richard Dimbleby (it is a nice passage that begins 'Here, in the great square of Trafalgar . . .'). In performance I felt that the Goons became noisy without being especially comic. The sham cast list in *Radio Times* was better than the programme itself—a pity we could not have met Scrogleshoot Bowser—and I had looked forward very much to the Murmansk Beard Refinery and to the 'lonely girls' residential school on Romney Marsh. However, we had to stay put in Trafalgar Square among the cacophony of the starlings. May we hope for Murmansk later?

'There's no end to the extravagance of human conduct', says Josephine Tey's Inspector Grant. He might have been talking about the Goons, but he was meditating on 'The Franchise Affair' (Home). I missed this adaptation in 1952; it makes satisfying radio, and I liked the way in which the plot was shaped to its point (the 'spire of meaning', as Galsworthy used to put it). The story must remind us of the Elizabeth Canning affair (1753), in which another girl told a taradiddle about her imprisonment and ill-treatment. 'Martin Chuzzlewit' (Home) surges along, and Martin is about to launch himself into Eden. John Gabriel's hickory-bark accent as Zephaniah Scadder still rasps the memory. The first of the new episodes of 'A Life of Bliss' (Home) has not stuck to the memory at all. But George Cole is waffling through as before; and, in spite of a tame start, we can hope that all (to coin a phrase) will be well that ends well.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

War and Peace

ONE OF THE B.B.C.'s chief functions is to entertain us, and with this laudable object it engages the services not only of Beethoven and Shakespeare and the other great ones but of all the lesser grades down to those purveyors of relaxation who leave some of us frigidly unamused. But the Corporation has other functions, too, and I was not at all entertained by most of my listening last week. Harrowed is a more appropriate word, but also engrossed—so engrossed that the hour of each of the programmes called 'Prelude to War' passed very quickly.

They were described as 'a radio dramatic account of the diplomatic prelude to the first' and 'second world war' respectively. The first was compiled by the late Professor H. W. V. Temperley, the second by Sir Lewis Namier, and each was introduced by Alan Bullock and produced by Laurence Gilliam. They took the form of an anthology of quotations from speeches and diplomatic exchanges between the governments involved, each spoken by a voice representing the original speaker or source, and linked by an economically worded commentary. This form, reinforced by the skill with which the quotations were selected from the vast mass of available material, resulted in a clear, concentrated dramatic sequence which moved relentlessly to the final catastrophe. I found both programmes appallingly impressive and what added to their impressiveness and gave it an almost poetic quality was our knowledge of the eventual fates of the chief planners, plotters, and blustering orators who precipitated both wars—the Kaiser driven from his country to die in exile, the collapse of the Austrian Empire, the murder of Mussolini, and the suicide of Hitler.

I always feel a weary reluctance in switching on programmes which exhume the miseries of the past half-century: one remembers more than enough of them without these reminders. But these two programmes, which traced step by step the devious road to ruin, must have given much food for thought and would surely provide a grim warning to future war-mongers, if only war-mongers could hear or read them.

Another programme which gave a depressingly sordid view of life was John Hillaby's quietly delivered and straightforward account of 'Uranium City', a township of shacks, only two years old, on the northern shore of Lake Athabasca, Canada, with a male population of 1,000 and less than 200 white women. Here it is winter most of the time, water costs a dollar a barrel, and there are no sewers. Mr. Hillaby's description of the life there recalls earlier accounts of the South African gold rush. Here uranium mining is left to private enterprise, but the mine at El Dorado, a few miles away, is a government concern many of whose employees come from various European countries. When the men get their fortnightly pay they go to the bar and get drunk, since there is nothing else to do. Mr. Hillaby brought away a realistic recording of this process which made melancholy listening.

Little wonder then, when, in 'An Indian Theory of Language', I dropped into the pure, abstract world of the fourth-century philosopher Bhartrihari, I felt as if I had landed on the Isles of the Blest. For three-quarters of an hour three professors, of Sanskrit, of Philosophy, and of General Linguistics—John Brough, A. J. Ayer, and J. R. Firth—discussed Bhartrihari's 'Treatise upon Word and Sentence' with minute discriminations which I found not only illuminating but enchanting. Never before have I taken so care-free and refreshing a stroll into abstruse fields of learning far outside my ken.

I found Dr. J. C. Flugel's talk on 'Tolera-

tion' very interesting and enlightening in country with which I am more familiar. He is an excellent speaker and writer; consequently his rare broadcasts are not only instructive but enjoyable. In this talk he considered toleration as the state of mind which underlies our attitude to religious, racial, moral, and political questions, and discussed the findings of some recent psychological investigations. These and Dr. Flugel's own views were extraordinarily revealing and, incidentally, threw some sharp sidelights on the two 'Prelude to War' programmes.

I listened to the recording of Conrad Aiken's reading of his poem 'Letter from Li Po' when it was repeated last Thursday, and it brought me the final and complete antidote to the unenjoyable programmes aforementioned. It is a rich and satisfying poem and Mr. Aiken's sober reading of it gave full expression to its meaning, rhythms, and mood and so left the poem itself free to express its emotion.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Edinburgh Festival—II

BY FAR THE MOST interesting, and as I think the most important, experience offered by the Edinburgh Festival was the revival of Rossini's last comic opera, 'Le Comte Ory'. I only refrain from adding to the other superlatives 'the most delightful', because Rossini's opera has to contend with an admirable production of 'Così fan tutte', the broadcast of which is yet to come and should on no account be missed.

If eyebrows are raised at the attribution of 'importance' to what is dramatically a trivial farce and a badly constructed one at that, I would answer that the music reveals a hitherto unknown aspect of Rossini's genius. During his years of residence in Paris, Rossini had evidently applied a French polish to his art. In place of the rather garish brilliance of the Italian comic operas, in which an exuberant vitality is the obverse of the garish sound, we have music of an elegance and delicacy, scored with subtlety and wit, which approaches more closely than anything else Rossini wrote to the standard of his admired Mozart.

As usual, when an old opera of this kind is revived, a great deal has been written about the silliness and improbability of the plot. The same charges were brought against 'Così fan tutte', when it was taken down from the shelf. But, as Brahms said on a historic occasion, 'any ass can see that'. Thin and repetitive as the libretto is, Rossini poured out upon it such a wealth of beautiful melody and exercised such a lavish skill in craftsmanship that even Berlioz, who disliked most of his music, could not refrain from applauding. The admiration of the Frenchman was particularly aroused by the beautiful trio in the second act, which transforms an extremely equivocal situation into a scene of exquisite sentiment. I suspect Berlioz must also have liked Raimbaud's song in praise of wine, which is the most obviously French piece in the opera—the true ancestor of a hundred things in Offenbach and his successors, and vastly superior to most of its progeny.

The other movement which makes 'Le Comte Ory' important is the unaccompanied *Andante maestoso* which opens the finale of the first act after the unmasking of Count Ory. Taken over from an opera composed to celebrate the coronation of Charles X, the music meets the comic situation with a perfectly straight face, quite unlike the conventional *ensemble* of perplexity in *opera buffa*. Here is obviously the model for Verdi's unaccompanied *ensembles*, of which that in 'Macbeth' after the discovery of Duncan's murder is an obvious parallel.

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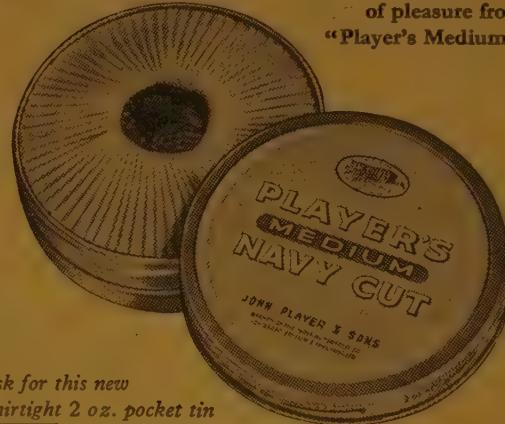
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at Edinburgh, I found the broadcast of it last Saturday highly enjoyable. Listeners who were unable to visualise Oliver Messel's beautiful setting (derived with pardonable anachronism from the fifteenth-century miniaturists) or the comical performances of Juan Oncina and Sesto Bruscantini, at least had the delicious music to enjoy, and gained a better idea of Sari Barabas' singing than one did in the theatre. For the soprano's voice, clear and pure in tone, proved rather small. Vittorio Gui conducted the opera *con amore* and, apart from the notable absence of true French intonations, it is difficult to imagine a better performance of the work. The reservation is not unimportant; in a Festival performance of this kind it is surely essential that the singing should sound like French singing—

which can, perhaps, be accomplished only by French singers.

At the Usher Hall the Danes were succeeded by the French, who certainly came up to expectation in their performances of Ravel's 'Tombeau de Couperin' and 'Daphnis et Chloë', Suite No. 2, and they in turn gave way to the Hamburg Radio Orchestra under the direction of Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, who took the nasty taste of the French idea of Brahms out of our mouths with a noble and beautifully proportioned performance of the Second Symphony. Claudio Arrau, who lavished his skill upon Chopin's Concerto in F minor, had more rewarding material in his recital on Saturday when he played more Chopin with great sensibility and gave a grand performance of Liszt's Sonata,

building up its structure from the fragmentary initial statements, which he seemed deliberately to separate with pauses, into a coherent whole and turning its rhetoric into true eloquence.

Isaac Stern followed up his concerto performances, of which his Prokofiev and his Mendelssohn were preferable to his rather romanticised Bach with its plodding accompaniment, with a sonata-recital. With Alexander Zakin as pianist he gave a beautiful performance of Beethoven's Sonata in A from Opus 12, but in the D minor by Brahms the phrasing was slick rather than sensitive. The best performance of the afternoon was that of Bartók's First Sonata, a work of obvious and compelling beauty.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

'The Turn of the Screw'

By ERWIN STEIN

The first performance of Britten's opera will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 9.15 p.m. on Tuesday, September 14

HENRY JAMES' well-known novel provides the story for the sixth of Britten's full-scale operas, three of which employ the large resources of grand opera. The score of 'The Turn of the Screw', written for the English Opera Group, like 'The Rape of Lucretia' and 'Albert Herring', is restricted to six singers and a small orchestra of soloists. In addition to five strings, five wind, harp and percussion, a thirteenth musician is needed who alternately plays celesta or piano. The celesta, in particular, adds a new colour to the ensemble Britten used in his earlier small-scale operas, a timbre whose lack of overtones makes for an immaterial and yet very clear sound. However, what the celesta stands for in this opera is, though of the immaterial sphere, the opposite of what its name originally meant. 'The Turn of the Screw' is a ghost story, and its apparitions are by no means celestial.

Ghosts are no innovation in opera—we need only remind ourselves of the *Commendatore*—but I do not remember one in which ghosts play a principal part. All the six singers of 'The Turn of the Screw'—fewer even than in 'Lucretia'—are in fact principals: the children, Flora and Miles—soprano and treble; the Governess and the Housekeeper—sopranos; the ghosts, Miss Jessel and Quint—soprano and tenor. Britten makes a point in thus choosing the vocal timbres. As with the all-male cast of 'Billy Budd', the special combination of voices has a bearing upon the sonorities of the orchestra. Four sopranos, and especially the tender voices of the children, determine the range and density of the orchestral texture.

The libretto, by Myfanwy Piper, follows the novel fairly closely, though in the opera the ghosts have more, shall we say, reality. They sing and act, their blandishments coax the children, and they open the second act with a melodramatic scene during which they proclaim their evil aims. For the rest, many passages of dialogue are taken unaltered from the novel's prose. The libretto is, in fact, mainly prose, and the lack of metre inevitably influences the musical rhythm: the music, too, is largely in prose, *i.e.*, big symmetrical structures are rare. A comparison with Britten's other operas shows the influence of poetic metre not only on the rhythm, but on the entire form of the music. In 'Billy Budd', Britten's only other prose opera, the form in general, and the set numbers in particular, are more loosely shaped than in, say, 'Peter Grimes' or 'Gloriana'. However, musical form does not depend on the words alone. Solid structures of the accompaniment frame the prose of the set pieces in 'Billy

Budd'. The form of 'The Turn of the Screw' is conditioned by the lay-out of the drama in two acts of sixteen scenes and a prologue.

We remember that Berg gave the fifteen scenes of 'Wozzeck' clear distinction by building each as a well-defined form. The multitude of scenes in Britten's opera posed a similar problem, but he has solved it in a different way. Each of the two acts has eight short scenes, linked by interludes in the form of variations on the opera's principal theme, which is announced as a prelude to the first act (after the prologue). Each variation is given a distinct character, which also determines, or at least foreshadows, the character of the subsequent scene. The theme consists of a succession of alternating fourths and minor thirds, which, modulating, pass through the twelve notes of the scale; completing the circle, they return to the starting point, *i.e.*, the tonic, symbolising thus the screw's 'turn'. By way of its variations, the theme of the screw is operative in each scene. Its interval of the fourth remains background to the Governess' first recitative. The nocturnal third variation prepares for the mood of her solo scene. The next interlude anticipates the accompaniment of the following children's song. A gay fugue forms the fifth variation and leads directly into the high spirits of the children's lesson.

The story of the opera still allows for cheerful episodes. The second scene, with the Governess arriving at Bly, is gay throughout and includes her bright duet with the housekeeper. Describing a child's mind in music, at play or lessons, is a task congenial to Britten. There are nursery rhymes, a doll's lullaby, and a cat's cradle duet—one is almost reminded of 'The Little Sweep'. At lessons, Miles delivers briskly his mnemonic: 'Many nouns—in *is* we find . . .'. He turns melancholy, however, when he sings:

'Malo—I would rather be . . .'

'Malo—in an apple tree . . .'

It is a sad little song which reveals in a flash the boy's true state of mind. The melody recurs and is finally sung by the Governess when she holds Miles' body. His death, the tragic outcome of the struggle for his soul, has a precedent in literature. Goethe's ballad of the Erl King, best known in Schubert's setting, tells a similar story.

The range of musical expression is as wide in the opera as its characters are far apart. The homely housekeeper tries to soothe the tense situations that frequently occur; her role is mainly in ensembles. The big scene in which she sings of past happenings in the house is a good example of musical prose; though lacking rhythmical symmetry, the melody is too defined in shape to be called recitative.

There is hardly a greater contrast feasible than the housekeeper and Quint, the ghost. He charms Miles with coloraturas that ring out like bird-calls, and his fantastic song, 'I am all things strange and bold', stirs the child's imagination. Quint is a dazzling charlatan. His female counterpart (and first victim) of the ghost of the former governess is a pathetic figure. Her designs are upon Flora, and her song plays on the child's imagination. There is an uncanny duet of the two governesses, the living and the dead, and a quartet of female voices in which the ghost asserts her power.

The Governess is the biggest part in the opera; there is hardly a scene in which she does not appear. Her character unfolds as the drama proceeds, and she passes from expectation and happiness on to the long road of her suffering that leads her from fright to resolution, and from utter despair to determination to fight for the children. Among her lyrical highlights are: a nocturnal aria of contentment, which, in its second part, at the first appearance of the ghost, gives way to fear; a cavatina of desperation; and a letter song, which is announced by the orchestra while she writes. In reading the letter over, she resumes the melody, in a second stanza quieter than the orchestral first.

Britten meets the drama's ambiguities, which oscillate between innocence and guilt, sham and truth, sincerity and pretence, with a musical idiom of wide scope. The harmonies are bolder than in any of his previous works. Bitonal passages, whose strands represent different keys, are frequent. In 'Billy Budd' there is one moment of dramatic climax at which twelve different notes are heard simultaneously. In the new opera, similar chords occur more often—they are a consequence of the principal theme and its modulating intervals that keep the key in suspense until the re-entry of the tonic.

The themes of the opera are closely related with each other, not in character, but by the motives of which they consist. They are derived chiefly by way of variations from the theme of the screw. It so happens that a child's song and a ghost's incantation occasionally use similar melodic turns. The listener may not—and need not—be aware of this, but he will instinctively feel the stylistic homogeneity into which heterogeneous characters have been integrated.

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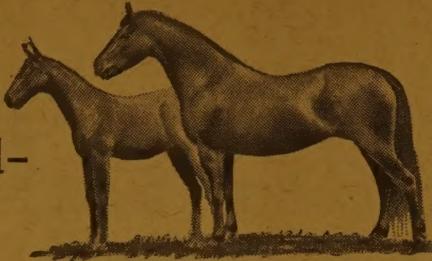
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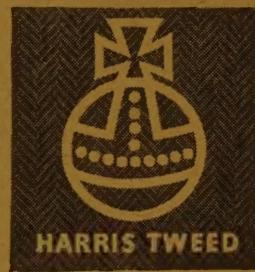


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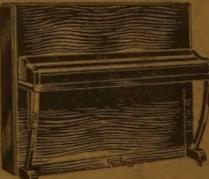
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